THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Last Crusade 113
Week by Week 114
Summary of Distress 117
Today and Next November..Charles Willis Thompson 119
A Year of the Spanish Republic.....Robert Sencourt 121
Lengthening Days (*verse*).....Dudley G. Davies 122
The Spirit of Bishop Shahan.....Speer Strahan 123
Short Selling .....Martin Marwill, jr. 127
The Negro Challenges Catholicism..John T. Gillard 129
The Knitters (*verse*).....Padraic Colum 131
Communications 131
Books .....George Carver, Douglas Powers, George N. Shuster, Michael Earls, Catherine Radziwill, William Franklin Sands, Madeleine Laurier, Margaret Kendall..... 133

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THE LAST CRUSADE

THIS week, on Friday, June 3, there begins throughout the world a concerted effort on the part of Catholic Christians—in which it is entirely probable that large numbers of non-members of the visible Church will coöperate—"to unite in a holy crusade of love and succor, in order to alleviate in some measure the terrible consequences of the economic crisis under which the human race is struggling." The summons to this universal crusade was issued by Pope Pius XI in his encyclical letter last week. From the Vatican on the day the text was given to the press, the principal points of the message were broadcast in most of the chief languages of the world. In the American secular press the letter received marked attention, some newspapers publishing it in its entirety. It is, from all points of view, an extraordinary event, intended to meet an extraordinary situation.

In the very first paragraph of the encyclical indeed, there are words which—to the best of our recollection—have not appeared before in any of the remarkable encyclical letters of the Pope. We refer to this statement: "Urged by the charity of Christ, we have invited . . . all members of the Catholic Church, indeed all men of good-will," to join in the world-wide expression of the spiritual crusade inaugurated by the head of the world-wide Church.

If there is one thing more than any other which most competent observers would agree is distinctively characteristic of the official, considered utterances of the Pope—and of the public statements of the bishops of the Church—that thing, we believe, would be their prudence, their moderation, their lack of exaggeration in commenting upon social and political affairs which are of general consequence. If the Pope, or the bishops of such a country as Spain, or Mexico, for example, having in mind the particular situation of the Church, or its institutions, or its people, speak in language stronger or more forcible than the world in general might consider justifiable, in condemning anti-Catholic measures, declaring such things to be downright persecution, what they say may perhaps be taken with some reserve by non-Catholics, while on the other hand, Catholics know well that even in such situations their leaders ordinarily exhaust all other means of possible alleviation before uttering their final denunciations. But at a time when the attention of the world is absorbed by the universal economic crisis, and when among those who are supposed to be experts in judging the elements of that crisis

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there are so many conflicts of judgment, and contradictory plans for a solution, the unequivocal judgments of the Holy See will undoubtedly produce a profound impression.

As we have done on other occasions when Rome has spoken on matters of general public concern, we again call attention to certain facts which, quite apart from the religious dogmas of Catholicism, or the purely religious remedies which may be proposed by the Church for particular problems, give to what the Holy See says about the objective facts of any problem an almost unique importance. The organization of the Catholic Church is such, that the Vatican inevitably becomes (except at such historical epochs as coincide with a slackening of the zeal of the human instruments of the Church) the best informed center of world-wide affairs that exists. From all the ends of the earth there flows into the offices of the Holy See a stream of information from the diplomatic representatives of the Church and from the missionary societies, and from the network of episcopal chanceries covering nearly all civilized nations —to say nothing about the contribution of the Catholic press. All this is in addition to what the authorities of the Church learn from secular sources. But there is this difference between the secular sources, and the Church's own sources, namely, that the latter are, so to speak, deeper and more reliable. They are closer to fundamental things. For nearly two thousand years the Catholic Church has existed as part of, or at least closely affiliated to, the changing forms of society, and varying systems of government, and modes of economic forces, among most of the races and nations of the earth. This is more particularly true of the Western part of the world, but from the earliest times the Catholic Church also has worked among and has known Oriental, and African, peoples and conditions as no other organization could so intimately and continuously do. The Church is not "of this world," but well it knows the world in which it carries on its endless work.

When, therefore, the Church, through its head, warns the world of the gravity of its present situation, it is a voice which has behind it the experience of two thousand years, and it is not the oratory of an excited or casual demagogue, or of a sensational journalist, which conveys the frightful warning of this encyclical letter. Nor does the survey of the state of the world summed up by the Pope merely include the space of history limited by its own two thousand years of organized existence—the Holy Father, looking backward, declares that not since the very beginning of human records can the present situation be paralleled. For never before were the races and nations so closely tied together. "The whole of humanity is held bound by the financial and economic crisis, so fast that the more it struggles the harder appears the task of loosening its bonds; there is no people, there is no state, no society, or family, which in one way or another, directly or indirectly, to a greater or less extent, does not feel the repercussion."

And he then proceeds to point to what in his judgment are the three chief sources of the contagion of evils which afflict humanity with a universal plague. The first is greed—which infects Christians as well as those who do not accept Christianity. The second is exaggerated nationalism: also including among its victims those who claim to be Christians. The third is "the most dreadful evil of our times," emanating from militant and organized atheism, led by "the enemies of all social order, be they called Communists, or any other name. . . . For in this conflict there is really question of the fundamental problem of the universe and of the most important decision proposed to man's free will. For God or against God, this once more is the alternative that shall decide the destinies of all mankind, in politics, in finance, in morals, in the sciences and arts, in the state, in civil and domestic society."

Against the first two evils, the Pope points out, he has already spoken. In particular he advocated "a more equitable distribution of the goods of the earth," which would lead, by tranquilizing the class warfare, to an alleviation even of the destructive passion of nationalism. But, "in the face of this satanic hatred of religion, which reminds us of the 'mystery of iniquity' referred to by Saint Paul, mere human means and expedients are not enough." Prayer and penance are the weapons of the new crusade—which will, perhaps, be the last crusade. For if it wins its ends, which is the victory of the spiritual, and the primacy of ethical ends, crusades will no longer be necessary. If it fails, religion must descend, humanly speaking, into the catacombs, for the world will pass under the rule of the material system of atheistic anti-religion.

So is the issue defined by the supreme head of Christianity. The greatest of all the struggles of humanity begins with its purposes clearly explained, and the order of battle laid down.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHILE Congress remained despairingly unable to fix upon a point of view and optimism anent the Senate went off at a seventy-mile clip toward oblivion, various important addresses focused attention on major difficulties and evils. First and foremost was the very impressive and earnest encyclical letter issued by His Holiness, Pope Pius, which is considered at length in our leading editorial. After commenting on the appalling universality and weight of the present crisis, the Holy Father concluded: "Nothing remains for us save to invite this poor world which has shed so much blood, dug so many graves, destroyed so many fruits of labor, deprived so many of bread and work—nothing remains for us, we say, excepting to extend an invitation in the loving words of the holy Liturgy: 'Be thou converted to the Lord thy God.'" Surely it is obvious, as we have tried to say again and again, that without a sincere change of heart,

Trend of the Week

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mind and soul, leadership which has coaxed hither the demon of panical poverty will give way to seven other devils worse than himself. Echoing this verdict in the secular field, President Nicholas Murray Butler, speaking in New York and advocating the formation of a new liberal party, declared: "It is quite as much weakness of character and defect of temperament as limitation of intelligence which has plunged the world, particularly the American world, into the gloom and despair which now envelop it. Men who have been accustomed to exercise well-nigh undisputed authority in industry, in transportation and in finance, find that they have not only destroyed public confidence but that they have lost confidence in themselves."

WE BELIEVE, however, that Dr. Butler's belief in a potential third party is mistaken. One cannot well believe that such an organization can be persuaded to emerge, phoenix-like and shining, from the extant American ashes; nor would it solve the burning problem—which Dr. Butler has long seemed to us the man to face squarely—of how to develop the right kind of experienced workers and executives for government service. This last achievement must, of course, be paralleled by the development of a different kind of industrial leader than the country has enjoyed to date. When, for example, one reads the addresses of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, one is dealing with a keen, hard-hitting, useful mind which is limited solely by utter failure to comprehend the drift of events. Speaking to the American Iron and Steel Institute recently, Mr. Schwab made a speech which differed in no whit from those made by thousands and thousands of nonplussed business men in every part of the country. Said he: prices have fallen, credit has been restricted, production is at low ebb; we are losing money; we must try to restore general confidence because only with that can the volume of our business be increased; and therefore the government must balance the budget and raise the tariff. What little industry has not said all this in Washington lobbies and elsewhere? But Mr. Schwab added: "In this country we have great resources and a great heritage. We are all of pioneer blood, whether recently or generations back. The pioneer spirit is daring, devout and industrious. Such a combination cannot permanently be downed." The citizen of Arabia might have talked that way before the Flood; surely he would not have done so afterward. But of course he couldn't!

Cincinnati Justice

WE WERE pleased to read in the New York *Times* under the apt heading, "Some Justice of the Peace," a testimonial to the rough justice administered by the Squires whose courts are most immediate to the average citizen. The tribute was based on a scholarly book just issued by the Institute of Law of Johns Hopkins University, titled "The Justice of the Peace Courts of Hamilton County, Ohio," and said by the *Times* to be "a collection of first-class information." In civil cases, the J. P.'s jurisdiction is confined to disputes involving less than $100, and to criminal cases, 99 percent of which are so petty that they never get into the record. With some inclusiveness a Georgia judge has said: "A Justice of the Peace is generally a man of consequence in his neighborhood; he writes the wills, draws the deeds and pulls the teeth of the people; also he performs divers surgical operations on the animals of his neighbors." We have also known them to be landlords who tempered justice with mercy, renters of row-boats, calm and philosophical fishermen favoring the stone jug and hand-line type of gear, and retailers of true stories of such rich and homely humanity that by comparison jokes seemed flavorless fictions. To petty minds we imagine the following case would seem to be a bad introduction to Americanism, but an unhardset attitude toward the anomalous we hold to be the distinguishing mark of the large-hearted who make the whole world kin. Two families of foreigners had been quarreling about a barking dog, and the J. P. explained to them: "The law in America will not tolerate such petty bickering as you all have been found guilty of. You must promise to be friends. Go home. Have a home-brew party." On the awful word of the Institute of Law of Johns Hopkins University, in their book, it is reported "both families now are fond friends." Would indeed that more of our solons could speak with such effective authority for "the law in America."

IN ANOTHER case of alleged breach of the public peace, the entry in the Justice's docket reads: "After hearing the testimony of the plaintiff, the defendant and the witnesses, I found that all were equally guilty." In still another case, a defendant was charged with receiving stolen chickens and the court impounded fifteen Plymouth Rock and two White Rock hens, proposing "to turn the flock loose at twilight. If the chickens found their way into the chicken house of the defendant and went 'on the roost in a natural way,' they were to be the property of the defendant. If they acted 'strangely and failed to find the coop, they were to be returned' to the complainant. At dusk the constable, 'assisted by a deputy sheriff,' released the birds. Seventeen found their way to the defendant's roost 'in a natural way.' Thus the case was decided." That the Justices can sometimes express their justice with terrible wrath and swift execution, is confirmed by an incident which Cincinnati lawyers still fondly relate about "Squire Sedam of the old Storrs Township, who 'banished' a chicken thief to Kentucky and had the constable row the expatriate across the Ohio River in a skiff." Now we would like to hear the Covington lawyers tell one. With regard to the "ornery" type of Justice, we recall one down in Maryland who explained: "Well, dang those motorists! They come tearing through our town, stirring up the dust and making our young people uncontented to stay around home and help with the chores. Ain't that disturbing the peace!"

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NOT WOMEN alone are proud of the young American matron who established her reputation as an aviatrix, and has just completed a truly astonishing record-time solo flight across the Atlantic, under her maiden name of Amelia Earhart. Own twin to Colonel Lindbergh in looks, she now comes very close to his first consummately daring achievement; and there is a further agreeable consonance, to those who are struck by such things—as most of us are—in the two facts, that her hop took place on the fifth anniversary of his, and that the thought of his gambling to go on when he struck ice a few hours out, confessedly nerved her to do the same, under precisely the same conditions. There can have been no question, from the first, of Miss Earhart's courage and skill, so we are impressed without being much surprised at the handicaps she surmounted: storm, fog, a broken weld in the exhaust manifold, a dangerous leakage from reserve tanks in the cockpit, a broken altimeter—this last a terrific hazard which, as it happened, she had never met before, and which sent her climbing blindly until she struck ice, and then dropping to the midnight ocean until "I could see the waves breaking." What actually pleases us most is the modest nonchalance and homespun friendliness of this young woman of ours. Having frightened plow horses in setting down her ship in a North-of-Ireland field, she did not forget later to send her apologies to the teamster. And in her first public utterance after landing, she said at once that "the flight has meant nothing to aviation"—which, in the mere technical sense is true, of course—adding the disarming sentence: "This was just a personal justification of mine, and I thoroughly enjoyed doing it."

Air-Hearted

PARADES of boys such as that which took place in New York on May 16 under the auspices of the Catholic Boys' Brigade are effective and encouraging signs that modern youth is not committed wholesale to the mercies of the juvenile court. Twelve thousand youngsters belonging to various organizations joined in a gay march up Fifth Avenue, which more than four times as many parents and friends watched appreciatively. The affair, which had been arranged in honor of George Washington, was just another indication of the energy and zeal which the Capuchin Father, Reverend Kilian J. Hennrich, has expended on boy work in general and on the Catholic Boys' Brigade in particular. This Brigade has not been born and reared on easy street. In New York City it has managed, despite monetary and other limitations, to create fifty-four branches, the average membership in which is ninety-eight and the average regular weekly attendance at which is nearly three hundred. By reason of a well-developed volunteer leadership corps, the cost per boy per meeting is less than three cents. In addition the Brigade has devoted a great deal of attention to the general problem of child psychology and organization. Such a record is hard to beat for economy, efficiency and idealism. It testifies to first-rate leadership and equally impressive coöperation. The Brigade has recently begun to expand nationally, and should meet with a hearty welcome everywhere. For though times are difficult, boy guidance is even more needed than it has been.

Youth as It Should Be

AN EXAMPLE of the temperance and sweetness of spirit which prohibition seems to foster in prohibitionists, was furnished recently by Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, chairman of the National Prohibition Committee. Describing the charming women—that is, as far as we have observed personally, they have seemed to be gracious and charming women—who have been campaigning for prohibition reform, Dr. Colvin with such a decent, civilized American manner said they were "Bacchantian maidens parching for wine—wet women who like the drunkards whom their program will produce, would take pennies off the eyes of the dead for the sake of legalizing booze." This is so ungentlemanly of the Doctor that it is not rude, but simply the broad farce of boorish behavior. As a type of public utterance, however, and of bad logic which simply shrills abusive names instead of sticking to the merits and demerits of the point at issue, we earnestly believe that it is one of the worst contributions the prohibitionists have made to American life.

The Spirit of Temperance

TWO ACHIEVEMENTS of real distinction set Monsignor William F. McGinnis, of Brooklyn, apart from his fellow men. He founded and guided the International Catholic Truth Society, the primary object of which was to combat misrepresentations of the Church and her teachings; he developed his own oratorical genius to an extent rarely equaled among the clergy of the United States, but sacrificed no jot or tittle of his integrity by specializing in theatrical effects or outlandish declarations. But apart from these things he was to all privileged by reason of his acquaintance, a singularly lucid, inspiring and affectionate man. Like most "Roman students," he had a deep affection for the Old World, and a warm regard for culture which, with him, was always the most human of good things. Accordingly his death on May 17, after a long illness, will leave Brooklyn, and indeed the Church in America as a whole, without one of its noblest and most appealing personalities. Virtually all of the years of his priesthood were spent on Long Island, but he thought and labored on a national, even an international, scale. One hopes that the work of the Truth Society, which was of course the apple of Monsignor McGinnis's eye, will be carried on in the same spirit and with as much valor as he gave to it during many very busy years. The editors of THE COMMONWEAL will reverence his memory as a counselor, collaborator and friend.

Monsignor McGinnis Dies

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Terra Cognita

A COUNTRY is described by a writer in *Harper's* which, in spite of jungles, swamps and tribes of black men, is safe, fairly healthy and "pretty completely pacified," and possesses many modern lines of communication, including a boat-train into its very heart "more luxurious than any in Europe or the United States." The native religion is either Mohammedan—among tribes ruled by appointed emirs, "men of considerable ability and cultivation, interested in world affairs and in such modern Occidental pastimes as aviation"; or pagan, with childish and usually innocent rites performed by people among whom "the explorer is safe from menace" so long as he does not absolutely "interrupt a religious service to bargain for the vestments of the priest," or "giggle at customs and rites he does not understand." "One [civilized] power or another governs and taxes every tribe on the continent," and "the explorer is never out of contact with the government. . . . Never does he travel alone, for a single night or a single day, except at the moment of crossing an international boundary," when "another official, white or native, will see anew to his comfort and safety." Government rest houses "are scattered all over [the country] for the convenience of officials and travelers," and in the vicinity of the numerous railroad lines, "anything within reason can be bought at the tin-roofed trading stores." At the stations there are "dinners, bridge parties, dancing, tennis, shooting, polo." Among the natives, there is talk "of crops and weather, of markets and prices."

WHATEVER this bustling and orderly picture suggests to us, it may be confidently stated that it does not suggest Africa. But Herbert Best, F.R.G.S., for eleven years a District Officer of Nigeria, affirms in tones of humorous despair that it *is* Africa, for all of that—Africa not of Livingstone's time, but of the present; a controlled, rapidly civilizing place, where the chief danger anywhere is from the climate, and even that is not a danger to those with sense enough to take elementary precautions. The mysterious and menacing Dark Continent, pulsing with tomtoms and pullulating with orgiastic rites, with ferocious lions down every lane and deadly aborigines up every tree, he proclaims to be a sort of wish fulfilment, for which the Western public and "the swarm of writing and lecturing travelers who use [the country] as a springboard from which to leap into the public eye," are equally responsible. Mr. Best confesses that Nigeria is not all of Africa; but inasmuch as it covers "some 335,000 square miles . . . just north of the equator on that portion of the west coast which used to be known as 'the white man's grave,'" it may fairly be taken as a test case. The former District Officer has other things to say about the best-selling "explorer," whom he carefully differentiates from the scientist and the disinterested traveler. For example: "It was my privilege to attend to their needs, lend them the necessities they had neglected to bring out, put them up as my guests, introduce them to native chiefs and emirs, interpret for them, nurse them and blush for them." On the basis of this intimate association, he pronounces them admirable—not "as to their courage, not having seen it tried; but I can bear witness to the indomitable quality of their nerve." And he makes his case with numerous stories illustrative of this gentry's combined brainlessness and brass. Must we confess to a kind of regret at being convinced? We have lifted up our own voice, on occasion, against the more lurid jungle writer. But Africa has been the last outpost of man's wild imagination; to be told by an authority that its prevailing atmosphere grows more and more "suburban," that "well-cut evening clothes" are more useful there now that there is "a formidable arsenal," leaves us, like the lady in the Maeterlinck play, considerably less than gay.

SUMMARY OF DISTRESS

DURING the past week, business afforded fairly clear insight into the economic drama which throttles us all and which has made the political history of 1932 almost as chaotic as anything yet written into the annals of the United States. Under the stimulus of Federal Reserve Bank buying, the prices of government and other bonds rose perceptibly but naturally on the exchanges. Then Congress, again panicky over the prospect of empty relief fund treasuries, proposed a loan of $2,000,000,000 to aid the unemployed. Almost immediately bond prices declined again, and the fruits of the temporary advance were lost. The bad effect was due not so much to the relief program in itself as to persistent failure in devising and effecting promised measures to balance the budget.

That development indicates pretty well the extent to which the current debate between antagonistic points of view has sundered public opinion. On the one hand are those who would "trust to nature," on the principle that artificial control of price movements is a vain fancy. On the other hand are the no less determined people who hold that something must and can be done—something which will either be a form of government action, or a "plan" sponsored by industry. No doubt it would be worth a good deal if we could determine the nature of the opposing groups, and see whether one is just a new form of "conservatism" while the other is an up-to-date species of radicalism. What seems certain is that the dividing lines are no longer identical with the ancient demarcation between capital and labor.

Mr. Charles Merz contributes to the New York *Times* of May 15 an excellent theoretical survey of the trend. He shows that the history of commodity prices affords no all-satisfying clue to our present calamities. Though the decline which has followed the World War is more precipitate than that which set in after the close of the Civil War, it has not established an average "all time" low price level. And, he says, "the trouble is not that prices have been falling. The United States

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has enjoyed periods of prosperity on various occasions when the slow 'secular' trend of prices has been toward lower levels." What has now happened is that the decline has been catastrophically precipitate, uneven and tied up with the whole invested wealth of the country.

Upon these aspects of the disturbance observers in all parts of the world have lavished a great deal of attention, and it is these again which have bred most of the schemes for "control." British and German economists have joined in thinking that a thoroughgoing readjustment to a permanently low price level is impossible, because the agonies suffered in the process must inevitably wreck the capitalistic system; and the Viscount d'Abernon, whose competence nobody will deny, has literally predicted ruin unless something can be done. But what?

Trade associations, established to prevent ruinous competition and price-cutting, have been proposed by many. No doubt they offer a real hope for improvement, despite the experience now available. This disillusioning experience, to which the history of cartels and of the Federal Farm Board have contributed not a little, should be viewed as mere experimenting from which something valuable can be learned. Thus though the hoarding of grain by the government proved futile, there is no reason for concluding that the Allotment Plan would also fail to help the farmer. Nevertheless all quests for workable trade associations necessarily reckon with world prices. And a universe wherein currency is wofully unsettled, and which incredible debts and grandiose efforts to effect a revolutionary state capitalism plunge into economic chaos, offers no very reassuring picture. The only way to protect nationally "controlled" prices is to build tariff walls higher and higher. And this in turn not only badly complicates the problem of international indebtedness but helps to render the commodity price decline uneven and therefore radically unsettling. For example, the tariff on shoes has kept up the prices quoted by this industry despite a drastic decline in the value of hides. But a wheat market organized on a "world basis" has been faced with utter collapse.

Currency control has caused by far the largest amount of talk, and with it Congress has been most concerned. The measures sponsored by the administration—i.e., the Glass-Steagall Bill and the Reconstruction Loan Act—are generally viewed as sound and beneficial. Both exist to "hand out" money in two different ways: the Federal Reserve System, by purchasing securities, pours cash into the country's banking system; the second, by lending money, renders hard-pressed corporations and banks fit to carry on business. The results to date are good, but they have very naturally not put trade back on its feet. Money has piled up in banks, but has not been pushed out beyond them into the nation's business. According to the American Bankers' Association, the reason is "failure of public buying to create a sufficient volume of sound commercial and industrial activity to warrant an expansion of bank loans." It is just like watering a parched rose in very dry weather. You can pour quantities of water on the ground, but that is no sign the roots will immediately drink in the moisture and revive the famished plant. Indeed there are many who, disillusioned, think the rose needs something like an injection of adrenalin or—shall we say a highball? Such measures as Mr. Hearst has consistently advocated, or the silver talk of Senator Borah, are signs of deep-rooted anxiety that normal treatment will not revive the nation's ability to live.

That much favors their point of view need not be denied. After all, the basic phenomenon is not so much unemployment (possibly earlier, non-technical eras had more joblessness, and more part-time work, than we usually realize) as pauperization. Today, in all countries, it is not merely the "worker" who is at the mercy of "economic forces" but also the investor, the small professional man, the home owner. Here the current decline in savings bank deposits is a dire omen. What could be more necessary, therefore, than to think of ways and means by which calamity may be staved off from millions of citizens? The problem is one which afflicts the world's conscience as well as its interests. But of course half-baked thinking will only render the situation worse.

At any rate, a greater measure of government action seems virtually unavoidable. By reading some such book as Mr. George Soule's "A Planned Society," one can secure reliable proof of the already historical decline of ultra-capitalism. It is not difficult to show that whatever may have been the "causes" of the depression, this was and is no longer a purely capitalistic matter. Government, as a political and economic function, is deeply involved. In all the European countries parliamentary debates and social welfare concepts profoundly influenced the trend of events. Since 1929 socialization has proceeded apace in Germany, England, Italy and other lands. A United States having a highly developed foreign trade, a huge total of investments, an Interstate Commerce Commission and a Federal Reserve Bank—to mention only a few matters—is far from being capitalistic in the old sense.

If all this is true, the present disturbance cannot be an old-fashioned panic. Its very existence involves community organization and remedial action to an extent unrivaled in the past. Consequently both industry and the people will tend to look toward government with greater insistence. Such facts as that only one of the large German banks is now privately owned, and that the Catholic Center party of that country is advocating government ownership and operation of the mines, are placards teling us all a good deal about future history. We may conclude, therefore, that even if most of the ideas proposed as cures for our present worries are probably nostrums, the tendency underlying them is right. Patient effort and cautious reflection must aim to render political institutions dependable servants of social welfare.

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TODAY AND NEXT NOVEMBER

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

Commenting on the progress of the 1932 presidential campaign, Mr. Thompson believes that the outstanding development to date is a change in the relative chances of the two parties. In January the Republicans were noticeably on the run; now "it is the Republicans who are on the aggressive—and this before ever a nomination has been made or a platform adopted." Naturally the cause of this shift is the bungling of important opportunities by Congressional Democrats. The voters from now on, Mr. Thompson thinks, will be more concerned with parties than with individuals.—The Editors.

THE PRESIDENTIAL campaign of 1932 has, so far, been entirely out of the run of campaigns. Usually, whatever their ups and downs, they pursue a straight general course, and long observation makes that course observable and predictable. This year it is observable enough, in all conscience, but entirely contrary to all the seasoned campaign customs. Whatever may happen next, this peculiar characteristic makes the campaign of 1932 one of the most interesting of all campaigns to watch—that is, to him who has no friend, no brother, there.

To mention only the most obvious of the many ways in which the campaign has violated all previous usage and all probability, the entrance of Alfred E. Smith so tardily as the year of the nominations and on February 8 was, according to all the canons, too late to have any effect on the results. By that time the preconvention campaign work, begun at least a year and a quarter earlier and sometimes further back, has been done; and if a candidate has a pronounced lead, with no opponent measurably near him, he is as good as nominated. Nothing seemed so improbable, not to say impossible, as that Smith's mere announcement could stop Roosevelt, who had apparently already run away with the nomination and had only to go through the legal routine of having his delegates elected. Yet it did stop Roosevelt.

Though the situation is full of surprises and violations of probability, two major facts which stand out at this writing are all there is room for in this space-confined article. The first is that, to the naked eye, Roosevelt was stopped by the primaries of only two states, Massachusetts and California, and that the Union consists of forty-eight states. The second is that, thus early in the game, nearly all political figuring has its eye more on what is to happen after the convention than on what is happening now; in other words, though the fight is over what the conventions are to do, the calculation is on the result of the election in November.

This second fact is more important and significant than the first, and also it is directly contrary to all precedent. Customarily the heat and fury of the preconvention fight kicks up so much dust that not until the nominations have been made do the two parties pause to measure the length of each other's blades. Of course there is a reason; such reversals of form do not just happen. The reason is that within the last three months the battleground of the campaign has been changed, and with it the relative chances of the two parties. At the beginning of the year the Republicans were not merely on the defensive, but on the run, and Democratic victory in November was so clearly discernible that Republicans were not far from conceding it in advance. This situation has changed; it is to be a fight, not a walkover, and what is more surprising still, it is the Republicans who are now on the aggressive—and this before ever a nomination has been made or a platform adopted. The reasons for this apparently kaleidoscopic shifting will be explained. There is nothing accidental or mysterious about it.

Turning, for the moment, to the first and less significant point, the extent to which Roosevelt has been stopped cannot be calculated by tables of delegates elected. Most such elections, whether a state goes for one candidate or another, are of no importance in the calculation, for the reason that they are known in advance, have long been known, and the elections of delegates are nothing but the formal registering of results already arrived at and discounted in each camp. Just as in the national election, so in the election of delegates the states that count are the doubtful states.

There is another and more important reason, which is that no trust is to be placed in the announcement of campaign managers that they have this or that number of delegates favorable to their candidate, or even pledged to him. This applies with especial force in Roosevelt's case, but it is a fact of record in all campaigns and applying to all candidates. A list of delegates "favorable" to a candidate, or "instructed" for him, looks imposing, until the convention meets. Then it turns out that the delegates have only been favorable, but are just as ready to be favorable to some candidate likelier to win. "Instructions" is a word having a more hard-and-fast sound, but in convention after convention it has been proved that delegates are realists, and that the most binding sort of instructions never binds them to stick to a loser. The most famous instance is the Democratic Convention of 1912, to which the Nebraska delegation went pledged to vote for Champ Clark. Bryan was the head of that pledged delegation, and he did vote for Clark, though he was certain that Clark was a weak candidate and would be an inefficient President if elected. But when the psychological moment came, it was this very Bryan who throttled Clark and nominated Woodrow Wilson.

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Now, in Roosevelt's case this year, the conditions just described are even stronger than usual, and much more weakening to his candidacy. Again, there is a reason. It is that he is not at the head of a band of eager and devoted enthusiasts, but at the head of delegates who mostly came apathetically into his camp because he was the leading candidate. He has his ardent friends, but the majority of the Roosevelt delegates are not of that kind. Since the election of 1930 he has been really the only candidate; his great majority in that year indicated him as the man who could carry New York and presumably the rest of the East. The opposition to him had no candidate, and so delegates for Roosevelt were elected in a more or less mechanical and listless manner. Nominally they were for Roosevelt, but "Roosevelt" was a word meaning "the man who can win in November."

The situation recalls that of 1904, when Democrats who had never heard of Alton B. Parker, except that he was a man who had carried New York in 1897, voted for his nomination on the ground that he must be very strong in that state. Then, as now, there was no outstanding candidate against the New Yorker; he was nominated, and the election proved that in New York no weaker candidate could have been nominated. The nomination in 1932 would have gone to Roosevelt by default in the same way, and for the same reason, but for the belated appearance of Smith in his capacity of grizzly bear. The demonstration of Smith's powers at the last moment was a surprise to the country, but no surprise in New York, where it has always been known as one of his principal assets in the political game. It was thus, for instance, that in 1922, when Hearst had the delegates and when the convention was actually assembling to nominate him for governor, Smith stopped Hearst on the day before it was called to order by suddenly appearing in the convention city, declaring his opposition, and doing nothing else whatever. The delegates did the rest.

The first reaction to Smith's announcement this year was a movement of anger in the South and part of the West, taking form, in many states, in a resolution to instruct delegates for Roosevelt instead of electing foot-loose delegations. Political writers began hinting at an alliance of the South and West against the East. That is one reason why the primary in California was so shattering; it demonstrated, contrary to the confident expectations of Roosevelt's not very acute advisers, that his weakness as a candidate was not confined to the East, and that the distrust of him in that capacity was not sectional. This did not prevent Roosevelt from gathering in state delegations already foregone for him, but that meant nothing; California had dealt him a blow that will be mortal unless, when the convention meets, there is still no available candidate against him, as was the case with Parker in 1904. At this writing, which is some days before this article can get into print, there is every evidence that such a candidate is being groomed in the anti-Roosevelt councils. If that is the case, then however prosperous the Roosevelt boom may seem, it will be like a mortally wounded tree which puts forth leaves until the moment arrives when it crashes to the ground.

Turning back to the alteration in the relative positions of the two parties, the brightening of Republican prospects comes primarily from the confusion in Congress, and secondarily from the fact that no candidate likely to receive the Democratic nomination has any discernible position on that matter. When 1932 dawned, Democratic victory was in the offing, and the marshaling of that party's hosts seemed destined to be a triumphal parade. But, while ordinarily Mr. John Citizen does not pay much attention to what is going on in Congress, in this year of hard times it has been brought home to him, as something like a revelation, that what Congress does actually affects his individual and personal pocketbook.

Speaker Garner thinks it unfair to blame on the Democratic party the helter-skelter, to-and-fro runnings about of Congress. He points out that Republicans as well as Democrats voted, in this case or that, to upset every apple-cart of revenue-raising and of retrenchment. It is, however, a fact of history that the people hold the party in power responsible for failures and successes; and this, within three months, has darkened the Democratic horizon. Nor is this so unreasonable as may appear; for the party in power is justly chargeable, if not for failures of wisdom, at least for failures of leadership. Whatever a party determines on, good or bad, it ought to be efficient enough to hold its members in line. Senator Reed may have spoken out of turn when he said that what this country needs is a Mussolini, but the political history of this country shows that at any rate what a political party needs is a Mussolini. Not to stir up argument by recent instances, it will be enough to point to Andrew Jackson.

As for the Republicans, the bright Democratic prospects before Congress lost its head came about from the unpopularity of recent Republican government. That government, in the public mind, was personified in President Hoover, and again it was this very question of leadership which determined what was getting to be the general verdict. For three years Mr. Hoover's efforts at leadership have not been successful. And he is to be the Republican candidate. However, in the present unmistakable tendency to reaction against the Democratic party, it is not so much Mr. Hoover the individual as the Republican party which the voters are showing a tendency to reëxamine. The Republican boast always has been that whoever might be President, their party had a capacity for organized teamwork which produced results, and that the Democratic party had not. On their ability to convince the people that this is more than a mere boast rests the Republican prospects for success. It seems not unlikely that the truth of the Republican boast is the very question the people will decide, one way or the other, in November.

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A YEAR OF THE SPANISH REPUBLIC

By ROBERT SENCOURT

IN WRITING over a year ago for THE COMMONWEAL I did not hesitate to say that the masses of the Spanish people were behind the monarchy. It was not a superficial view: it was held by two other neutral observers well qualified to judge, one the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times,* the other M. Henri Béraud, the most brilliant student of revolutions in Europe, who summed up his conclusions in *Émeutes en Espagne.* It was a view supported by leading bankers and men of affairs: it was the strong conviction of the politicians in power: and, as events turned out, even the Republicans were unprepared for their success. But now we know more than was then revealed by the April elections of last year, the Republicans failed to obtain a majority. We have evidence enough of that in the fact that the Republicans have never quoted the figures. We have a striking indication of the way elections are arranged in Spain when we know that in every case where there was a monarchial majority, the election was declared invalid and at the subsequent election the figures were announced to suit the Republicans. This was not the first time that elections have been managed in Spain. Nor was it the last. After the election held in July, 1931, Señor Alcalá Zamora, then Prime Minister, now President, publicly announced that the Parliament did not represent the people. And neither it did.

Nevertheless much was hoped from it. Foreign newspapers greeted it with good-will. The Spanish people were tempted to believe also that better things were coming, and for a while it seemed in many ways as though they were. Don Marcelino Domingo, then Minister for Education, announced that he was going to build more schools, and train more teachers. Señor Azaña in a sweeping decree wiped away the captains-general, most of the senior officers and much of the army. There was talk of agrarian reform and of a better time in general for workingmen. But there were also disquieting signs. When a small band of Communists in Malaga burned every church in the town (there were thirty-two) with hideous acts of desecration, the police did nothing to maintain order. On the other hand, the Civil Governor, appointed by the new authorities, greeted the flames with the cry of "Viva la republica!" When another small band of youths, headed again by Communists, went round to attack and burn convents in Madrid, the police again were ordered to do nothing, because the new Civil Governor of Madrid, who was responsible for maintaining order, was by way of being a philosopher. We shall hear later how he feels today.

For those who were actually in the country, little seemed changed. The people lived much as before. They went to church as before, and there is no country in the world where people go to church in such numbers as they do in Spain. Large numbers attend Mass every day, and on every Sunday and feast day the churches are filled with consecutive crowds from dawn till midday. Even in the heyday of the revolution, every festival saw the floor space covered before the favorite shrines of the Blessed Virgin, such as the great church at Montserrat, the Virgen de los Desamparados in Valencia, or the Sacred Pillar at Saragossa. I remember one evening in July, returning from Madrid to the Escorial at ten in the evening, I saw lights in the parish church, although the doors were closed, and on making inquiries found that a company of men were spending the whole night in vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. This movement of all-night adoration by men only is a strong one in Spain, and extends throughout all the important towns. On August 15 I was told that there was to be a festival in the poor quarter of Avila, and arriving at the church I found it, at eight in the evening, crowded to the doors by a mass of young people who, after their worship, danced in the square or watched fireworks till midnight, and went into the church to join in prayer between their dances. Such is the spirit of Spain. It is beyond all question the most Catholic country in the world.

And yet it has an anticlerical government. This is because that government does not represent the people as a whole. The Spanish Republic owes its existence to an energetic party which represents in Catholic Spain the tradition behind the French Revolution. It goes back to Voltaire, and behind Voltaire to the Encyclopaedists. Their object was to insist on the natural good in men, and to make such arrangements for their natural happiness, that the supernatural system of the Church would be an anomaly. The Catholic authorities, and in fact all authorities, fought them. They fought all authorities. They hated the Church. Napoleon made a compromise between them in France: he offered that compromise to Spain, and would that she had accepted it! But the way he tried to force it on the country was unscrupulous, and aroused resistance, and the English, in their fear of Napoleon, supported the resistance in the Peninsular War. The result was that at the end of the war, a reactionary was reëstablished on the throne of Spain; and the Masonic party have been in ceaseless conflict with both the Church and the monarchy. The monarchy had long been a liberal monarchy. The Church has had illiberal bishops who have harried the intellectual life of professors, and insisted on formalities when there was nothing of heart or spirit behind them, and, as Jowett once said at Oxford, the distinction between compulsory religion and no religion at all is too fine a distinction for most of us to comprehend.

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But the idea that the Church, through its bishops, or parish clergy, or religious orders, either tyrannized over the people as a whole, or lived in luxury on endowments or the tributes of the poor, is grotesque, as is also the idea that there was anything like an Inquisition in modern Spain. (The Inquisition was abolished by Napoleon in 1808.) The parish clergy shared the hardships of the people, in lives of devoted sacrifice; the religious orders gave themselves up for the most part to education, or tending the sick poor. The Jesuits, now suppressed, had the best boys' schools, the only engineering college, the only leper house in Spain. The republic, in October, under Don Marcelino Domingo, tried to forbid priests or nuns to teach. It was then found that 200,000 children would be left without instruction. The movement against the clergy is therefore no sign that Spain has ceased to be a Catholic country. It means that the power has been seized by an intellectual party, in close connection with the organization of Freemasonry, to down authority of every kind in the interest of the ideas behind the French Revolution. This party is using the methods of the Inquisition in the interests of atheism, and it began its attack on authority by ignoring the people's will.

It has long been a habit of thought in Europe to regard the will of the people in favor of Republican government as against monarchy. Americans can hardly conceive things being otherwise. But it by no means always applies in Europe, and certainly not in Spain today. The Republicans won many votes by large promises: but the people voted, as they very often do vote, in a mood of experiment. They were soon disappointed. The question for them, after all, was not really politics: it was work and well being. It was business. And at once the republic disturbed business. No one had any confidence: no one knew what was coming next. Foreign capital was held back; enterprise grew cautious; rich Spaniards left the country; laws were disorganized; property became insecure; there was apprehension at the influence of Moscow. Tourist traffic stopped. And then, in this new republic of liberal ideas, a newspaper which ventured on any criticism of the new ideas was ruthlessly suppressed. Workmen, hoping for the fulfilment of their promises, came out in frequent strikes, and then they found the guns turned on them. The republic, which could never have been founded without the support of Communism, did not want to go straight over to Moscow: and yet it could not fight free of it, because it knows that the majority of the people want, and have always wanted, the monarchy.

And those who want the monarchy are many more than they were a year ago. The reason is that governments always get the credit for the economic situation, and it was a combination of bad luck with bad management which brought off the Spanish Revolution just as the world crisis was beginning to affect Spain. If the revolutionaries had waited while work became scarcer and scarcer, and then blamed the King and turned him out when the world crisis was beginning to end, they would have put the fortune of war on their own side. But they chose otherwise. And the inevitable result is that the masses of the people blame them and their policy, and King Alfonso is identified with better times gone by and, it is hoped, still to come. If 50 percent of the people in all Spain were monarchists a year ago, 75 percent of them are monarchists today. Azaña, the new leader, in reviewing the year, speaks of difficulties ahead, and Ortega Gasset, who believed so strongly in the republic, asks in his new book, significantly called "Rectificación de la republica," "Why, oh why, has life become so sad and sour under the soft starlight of the Republican dawn?"

The tendencies behind King Alfonso therefore are gathering strength: and he is justified in hoping to return. But it will be some time before he can do so. He has to conquer first the fact that there is now less freedom of the press than ever: he has to face the fact that the army and the civil guard, who were loyal to him for so long, are likely to remain loyal to their new allegiance longer. And a greater question remains. Can the monarchists learn to organize? Without organization, they can do nothing.

In the meantime, the deepening discontent in Madrid has to find someone in Parliament to suit its immediate hopes. There is great talk of Lerroux. He is a seasoned old veteran, and he is more logically liberal than Azaña, who has proved in fact a tyrant. And he has far more capacity than Alcalá Zamora, who has little behind him but a great voice, a genial presence and a glow of good intentions.

But, whoever guides the republic, Spain has hard years ahead. On the surface, life looks the same because, after all, the people are not as a whole really changed. But at the back of that, there is the stoppage of work and increased poverty and hunger. The republic, alas, has meant little so far but one thing: to bring starvation to masses of the poor. And why, oh why, should the poor be made to suffer for the sake of keeping in power a few men whom the sad, sour months of the past winter have proved to be so mistaken?

Lengthening Days

Such simple words when neighbors speak—
"The days draw out" (no more), what flood
Rushes from rivers far to seek,
Storming the channels of my blood?

And why, at dusk, in the streets of home,
Have children's cries an under-ring
Of something fresh and sweet as foam
Wind-lifted from some elfin spring?

Ask of the violet when she blows
On what far banks her kind was born;
Or ask in June the wilding rose
Who starred her out along the thorn.

DUDLEY G. DAVIES.

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THE SPIRIT OF BISHOP SHAHAN

By SPEER STRAHAN

TO DISCUSS properly the life and attainments of Bishop Shahan demands knowledge at once broader and more precise than this writer commands. It is impossible adequately to summarize in a sentence his varied career of almost a rounded half-century in the priesthood. The first five years were spent in his own diocese of Hartford. Next, three years of study and travel in Europe. Then over forty years at the Catholic University, as professor of ecclesiastical history and the history of Roman law, rector and finally rector emeritus. He began his teaching career in 1891; he was chosen rector of the university in 1909; in 1914 he was consecrated bishop. Later years showered on him such distinctions as the doctorate of theology from Louvain, and the rosette of the Legion of Honor. At last, in the spring of 1928, after three terms as rector, he retired to a house near Dumbarton Academy, Washington, where he spent the remaining years of his life. I shall attempt to delineate here the intellectual and spiritual characteristics of the man which may serve loosely to sketch the boundaries of a remarkably generous and noble spirit.

It was characteristic of Thomas Shahan that he at no time became so naturalized in austere airs that he lost the common touch, or forgot the simple people, the *plebs tua sancta* of the canon of the Mass. In his long years as rector of the university he was concerned with how the institution could serve priests and people, and so justify its existence; in sermons and lectures he spoke of the close ties that bind bishops, as well as priests and people together, not merely ties of sacred service, but of human interest that common hopes and problems give birth to. That put him equally at his ease whether he was holding a mediaeval academy spellbound with his knowledge and charm, as at Ann Arbor in 1925, or chatting in the church yard with a little circle of Negro children he had just confirmed, as he was discovered by a priest sent to call him to breakfast, on one of his last confirmation tours in southern Maryland.

This human sympathy received an amusing baptism of fire early in his ministry. As a young priest at St. John's, New Haven, he had been deputed to "lift the census," as the phrase had it. Stopping one morning at a house in lower Oak Street (now a wilderness of slum), he was called upon to stand by a tub of steaming suds and receive a fiery barrage from an anti-clerical washerwoman, full of faith and bitterness, who enlarged at length on the scandal done religion by priests who lolled late in bed to sing the high Mass, while poor women toiled to keep the Church of God afloat. It was not soon forgotten in the parish how the young man listened at first speechless, and then with amused compassion, to the stream of invective, interrupted by furious salutes on the washboard, till at length the good soul's wrath was spent, and she was able quietly to give him the information he wanted, after which they chatted amicably enough for a space, till when he took his leave they were almost, if not quite, friendly.

The parish experience was of short duration; he was soon recalled to Hartford to act for four years as chancellor of the diocese. Then one winter morning at breakfast he opened the Hartford *Courant* and read of the founding of a national Catholic University at Washington, and that Dr. Keane had been appointed its first rector. As he himself said many years later, "When I read that notice, I closed the paper, and said in the slang of the day, 'Me for that university!'" Indeed, it was not many weeks before Dr. Keane himself appeared in Hartford to ask the release of young Doctor Shahan for the ambitious project. It was, we are told, given sadly, and he sailed almost at once for Europe for three years' travel and study.

First came a year in Rome, where courses in Roman and canonical jurisprudence laid a solid foundation for historical studies. Next a year and a half under Adolph Harnack at the University of Berlin. And lastly a year at the Sorbonne and the Catholic Institute in Paris, with the Abbé Duchesne. It seems like a leaf from his own "Middle Ages" to learn how the young priest returned from Harnack's first lecture to the secret of his own room, so deeply moved that he burst into tears at the thought of such unattainable heights of learning. Yet true to his interest in people, he went every Sunday by tram to a distant workmen's quarter to say Mass for some nuns so poor they could not afford a chaplain. In Paris he was, with Batiffol and Boudinhon, one of a small group admitted to closest intimacy with the master. One may only conjecture how often in serene mirage the ages of Athanasius and Jerome floated untroubled above the street cries of the rue de Vaugirard, and against the waving foliage of the Luxembourg Gardens. He was fascinated, as was the whole world, by Duchesne, but it is significant as regards Shahan's character, that much as he admired the critical genius of Duchesne, there was in him no trace of the mordant brilliance for which the master was famous. He understood aright that not the critical flame that consumed, but the gentle warmth that encouraged, was needed among the seedling scholars whom he should train.

Then all too soon the time was up. Back to America he returned, and passing to Washington, in the calm moonlight of a September evening, he came by trolley from the railroad station up through Eckington to the present gates of the university. As he said many times, he let himself in by a turnstile to a pasture which is now part of the campus, and made his way alone to Cald-

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well Hall, the only building then constructed, past where today stands the crypt of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. When he had passed, the career was already begun which should lead him through forty odd years of ardors and endurances to the tomb where he rests today at Our Lady's feet.

One might say there were two predominant traits in the man: his passion for books and his devotion to young students. As time goes on, something definite will doubtless be written of the years of teaching and continued study and writing that led to so prodigious a learning that to younger scholars at least it may well have seemed universal. There are many who yet speak of his power as a lecturer, the inexhaustible erudition he seemed able to bring to any single point under discussion—how he carried his students with him in a grand sweep that left centuries and dynasties trailing behind as best they might. Yet unusual as these lectures may well have been, those who knew him only in his later years through his public utterances (which were objective and impersonal) or through his books, can hardly hope to have realized the distinction and beauty of the mind which he revealed in conversation.

New *fioretti* might be written about his love of books. And it is important to remember how in those early years it is hardly too much to say that the growth of the university was to be measured, not by magnificent buildings and generous benefactions, but sometimes almost by the acquisition of single volumes. At times to get even these was a triumph.

For example, visiting the late Mr. Elisha Riggs one day at Green Hill, near the university, the Bishop's keen eye noted on a table of the library a handsome de luxe edition, fresh from the press, of the twelve volumes of the "Paléographie Musicale" of the monks of Solesmes. Putting his arms about it, he observed shamelessly, "Mr. Riggs, just what we need for our library!" But Mr. Riggs was not so easily moved. "But, Bishop," he objected, "what nonsense! I would give them to you, and gladly, but if I did there isn't a soul at the university who would use them." "You're wrong there," countered the Bishop, who was by now determined to have the books. "Mr. Riggs, the man who will use these books was just born a moment ago!" And he would tell how his friend agreed with a smile, and he got the books for the library. As regards himself, he literally sloughed off library after library as time went on, though he never forgot them. He once told me how, as a young man, he would go through a stack of European book catalogues, and make out endless lists to order. "And then, Father, I would seal the letter, and close my eyes as I dropped it in the mail-box. For sometimes I never knew where the money would come from to pay for them. But the booksellers were merciful, and they always got paid for somehow."

So it went from single books to rare collections of international reputation. Under his rectorship the university library grew from 34,000 to the present imposing total of 305,000. It was through his personal influence that collections were acquired such as the Connolly Library of early Americana and Hibernica, the Lima Library (one of the finest collections of Portuguese literature anywhere), and the Clementine Library, the personal collection of Pope Clement XI, rich in the learning of the Jansenistic controversies, that for two centuries had lain untouched in the castle of the Albani family near Pesaro. Among the rare items in the last are more than three hundred titles which, so far as are known, are in no other library in the world, and a thousand in no other library in this country. Lastly, it was through his influence that the John K. Mullen Memorial Library Building stands on the university campus, a lovely storehouse as fit for learning and religion as Or San Michele for grain and religion in Florence.

In the Bishop's physical contact with books there was the beautiful impatience of a man who is deeply stirred. One remembers in his house at Dumbarton the last years, the joy with which some new purchase would be opened, the strong hands whitened a little with the years, with the episcopal amethyst, moving delightedly over the pages of some richly illuminated folio such as the "Vita Nuova," the fingers sensitive and expressive as an artist's fingers might be, lingering over the details of a cloisonné vase.

When one thinks of the books he collected, it seems an anti-climax to remark on his reading. In 1925 when a dangerous infection attacked him in Rome, he hurried back to America on a fast boat and to Providence Hospital, Washington, for a stay of some weeks till he was out of danger. Later at the dinner table someone asked him about Muratore's "Letters." "I've read them," he admitted. "It was a tedious job, Father, and you may be sure I never would have finished them if it hadn't been for that infection." The "Letters of Muratore" are in forty great folio volumes, and total some 14,000. Not many Italians themselves have read them, I am assured. And with all this, there went a wealth of other reading, a vast amount of correspondence, and the visits of many friends, for he loved seeing his friends often.

Together with his executive work at the university and, as Archbishop McNicholas has said, "long and tedious journeys, interviews, endless correspondence, conventions, conferences, lectures, rebuffs," there went a ceaseless bookish activity. Not merely did he write countless articles, and scholarly studies, and translate others (for example Bardenhewer's "Patrology" was translated four or five pages at a time, going back and forth to New York on journeys occasioned by the "Catholic Encyclopedia"), but there happily grew up out of his work a whole series of activities that have profoundly affected the life of the Church in America.

He founded and for many years edited the Catholic University Bulletin, only discontinuing, with a large subscription list, when official duties made it impossible to carry on the work. He was among the founders and for many years president of the Catholic Educational

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Association; he assisted at the foundations of the National Catholic School of Social Service and the Sisters' College; he was associate editor of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" (the most ambitious scholarly work yet attempted by American Catholics), and wrote for it scores of articles. He was the Catholic scholar par excellence to whom the founders of the Mediaeval Academy turned for advice and encouragement. Out of his patriotic impulse at the time of the war, in turning over to the government the resources of the university, grew the yearly Bishops' Meetings, and the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

But not merely were his projects limited to one generation. His faith in the future led him to the project of a national shrine to honor the Mother of Christ, and he visioned a great church, as an eternal monument to religion, where, amid the silent pauses of scholarship, the very stones should cry out as at Chartres or Cologne. Were these desires too vast? Shall the only criticism of him be that his great soul was too great for our age? He was a man of swift and excellent judgment, and with an infinite faith in the future.

This devotion to the truth and to the future led him to his reverence for the young. With him there was no "crabbed age and youth," for everything was youth's. So he not merely gave youth a hearing, he met it on grounds of absolute equality. He saw always with young eyes; in this he had the agelessness of the saint and the sage. For he knew well that it is into the hands of the young that our banners must fall; that all our achievement is worthless unless we can hand it on to able successors. So he never forgot the name that went with a young face, or the ambitions that went with both, nor ever hesitated to throw all resources possible in the way of a young scholar who wished to advance.

It were too intimate a thing to do more than hint here at the great numbers of priests and young students who through the years sought and found encouragement and inspiration in his help; or even of prelates who, one is told, declared they owed to him, if not their priestly vocation, then certainly a deeper sense of the significance and power of their calling. It is often remarked idly that any man has only two or at best three intimate friends; yet by Bishop Shahan's bier, among the throng of some thousands, there were literally hundreds whose lives he had touched, and these were only a tithe of another multitude scattered through the nation who were bound to him in intimate and unforgettable fashions that both they and he would gladly acknowledge.

Valor, it is said, is the fountain of pity. It was his way to stimulate, to praise, to encourage. So his way became the way of tenderness, not the tenderness of weakness, but of an awful strength, of a gentleness that informed his dealings with everyone, from the oldest professor to the youngest priest in the throes of triumph or disappointment. It was all one with the evenings he would delegate Monsignor Dougherty, the vice-rector, to take his place at some gathering of the undergraduates. The scenes were memorable. The roar of confusion in which the vice-rector rose to speak, the subsidence of conversation, and then Monsignor Dougherty beginning in his oddly high-pitched and genial tone, "Boys, the Bishop couldn't come to talk to you tonight, but he asked me to come instead, and to say that he loves you, that he loves every one of you!" And the manner of the saying left no doubt of the fact. Great applause with shouts and laughter would follow. Then more applause, and more laughter. And when silence was restored he would repeat, "Its true! He loves every one of you. And so do we all!" And it was literally true. Bishop Shahan knew that the only true teacher is the man who loves his students, not merely with a wise parent's love, but fondly.

He was the same with his priests. One summer before departing on his vacation, Monsignor Dougherty felt compelled to warn him that funds were so painfully lacking, that even the most necessary expenses must be watched during the summer. In view of this, he was, above all, not to authorize certain expenditures advocated by a certain priest professor. He cautioned the Bishop because he knew the persuasiveness of the priest in question. Thus forewarned, the Bishop was able to avoid the priest for a number of days, it seems, by the not unknown expedient of suddenly retracing his steps in corridors, and by hurriedly disappearing down side stairways, till at length he was fairly caught, and there was nothing to do but have it out in a long and serious conference in his own rooms. But the divan on which he seated the zealous priest at his side proved the Bishop's own undoing. Two or three times he tried calmly to stop the oncoming tempest of argument by a lifted hand or a protesting word, but the stream still flowed on with a "No, wait a moment, Bishop, you don't understand!" or "Just another word till I explain this to you!"—till the Bishop himself, seeing far beyond the arguments the good-will and utter devotion of the man (for he believed an investment in good-will to be the best investment any institution can make) turned at last with a gravity that could not have been greater, and stopped the storm with an abrupt gesture. "Now, Father, just a moment. Let *me* say something. I know I ought not to say it, and I may be criticized severely for it, but what I am going to say is this: go ahead with the work just as you wish, and I'll take the responsibility."

So he ruled with a wise paternalism. He had been appointed by the Holy Father as the head of a pontifical university, and he thought it his duty to be a shadow of the Holy Father in all his dealings with student body and faculty—patient, generous, approachable to all, completely forgetful of self. So the university was not merely his work; it was his home. And he looked at home, whether pontificating at some university function with the liquid strains of church chant min-

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gling with the offered incense; or showing a student of a spring evening the year's dissertations on his study table—"My basket of chicks, Father!"; or cautioning boys not to go bareheaded in stormy weather (this with a touch of pathos, since his own almost complete loss of hearing may have been due to some youthful rashness of the sort); or walking about the grounds of a late May afternoon and building the university again, building by building, till one ended as one always ended, at the shrine.

Of course he could not have succeeded so well had not exceptional men worked with him from the first. And he encouraged them, not because it was any formal policy to cultivate good-will, but because it was his nature to be generous. Many will want to remember him at table with his priests, the graciousness with which he led the conversation or listened through historic evenings when scholarship was domiciled with mirth. The tolerance all must exercise who live together intimately was forgotten in his singular charm. One recalls the welcoming at the sight of a new face, how distinguished visitors were put at their ease, the humor and the love that made of these little things great acts. He believed in the sacrament of the common table; many an evening one saw him there with a throbbing headache, when he could do no more than take a cup of tea, and spend twenty minutes or a half hour chatting with his priests. It was with him a *pietas erga domesticos fidei,* an act not merely of religious faith, but of piety in the priesthood, which he reverenced as a child, and of faith in the sacredness and worth of Catholic higher education and in his own vocation.

He was noble. Nothing better describes him than that one word which was on his own lips so frequently. Everything he admired was noble—the plans for the crypt drawn by Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, the poetry of John Donne, the vocation of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the generosity of Mr. Theodore Basselin, the abnegation of Monsignore Ratti (now Pope Pius XI) in the self-imposed poverty of his tiny bedchamber at the Ambrosiana at Milan. He himself was noble. He resolutely shut his ears against scandal, and if it were necessary to listen to talebearing, he forgot it promptly, saying later, "I know, Father, the unfortunate things one does are always repeated, but the good is never told!" He refused absolutely to allow the young to be crushed. He never forgot a kindness; the only things he seemed able to crowd from his prodigious memory were slights or coldness shown himself.

This was strikingly exemplified many years ago when critics from a distance made charges which could have wrecked the work of a lifetime. One knows the priest who was with him when word was brought of these calumnies. He had been conversing pleasantly on some subject or other. The message was delivered. He paused a moment, and turned his head away. Then he looked back, and with a ghost of a little smile about his lips, said, "Father, charity is the very essence of religion. Whatever else they say, let us not have them say we have wounded that!" He then went on simply and naturally, as only he could, with the interrupted conversation, for he loved visiting and no man who visited as much ever accomplished more.

It was his way to be tender, to wait and trust. Toward this, one thinks, all his historical studies had converged—to a sense of Divine Providence that gave him a boundless confidence in the future. When difficulties multiplied, and the horizon looked dark, how many times did he say, "Remember how very young the university is!" So he consoled himself with the future as simply and as absolutely as a child with the truths of the catechism.

The end was simple, and what one might call Shahan-like. Retiring after a long evening spent in reading and writing, he arose in the night to call a fellow priest to tell him he was dying, and to ask for the holy oils. He was brought to his bed, and lay there. When the priest returned a moment later, there was but time for a single anointing; the Bishop was breathing his last. And as the holy oil traced the cross on his forehead, the eyes opened wide and a smile spoke his gratitude. A few moments later he was dead.

As he lay in death, more than one felt impelled to think that the purple of the last vestments symbolized no mere mourning but that violet which in the light of eternity becomes the candid vesture of the saints. He rested there, not merely as a scholar and patrician of the spirit after the heats of the day and the deliberations of the senate house, but as a great Christian bishop, a man whom Augustine and Bede and Anselm would have recognized, and welcomed as a kindred spirit. Many loyalties were loosely linked in him, the tears of Ireland, the Italian flame, the strength of France and the sweetness of Germany. His body and mind together had the strength of his New England. His soul was of Rome. Even in his lifetime his prodigious learning and the prophetic beauty of his vision made him almost a legend. His monument is the university as it exists today, and the shrine as it will be when finished. As his successor in the rectorship, Monsignor James H. Ryan, fittingly says, "His leadership, his scholarly ideals, his noble and unselfish life shall remain among our precious possessions."

In the crypt of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on which the loving care of his later years was centered—already it is the most beautiful crypt in the world—he lies, awaiting that blessed hope toward which all Christian eyes are turned. There, close to the blessed murmur of the Mass, and mingling again, as it were, with the thousands of pilgrims who will unceasingly come to beg the Virgin Mother for favors, "many of which may well be inconsistent and contradictory," he will certainly not be unmindful of the great cause to which he gave his heart's blood and his very life. The university (and the Church in America) may count themselves fortunate indeed if his spirit is poured out upon us.

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SHORT SELLING

By MARTIN MARWILL, JR.

TO THE careful student of finance, the recent agitation against short selling appears only as a discouraging evidence that economic education remains decidedly limited. The bursting of every speculative bubble in recent history has produced similar outcries, and it is a sad commentary on human nature that mankind seldom admits guilt and through ratiocination always discovers a scapegoat. Fundamentally, the present excitement is the age-long story of speculation, and of the moth that went too close to the fire. Many intelligent, though uninformed, people fail to discern this basic factor and permit their vision to be obscured by personal losses and an anthropomorphic conception of so-called bears. And this failure to grasp the real issue has been further aggravated by placing undue emphasis on the much publicized activities of the New York Stock Exchange.

Then, in order to think clearly on this matter, one must recognize at the outset that the New York Stock Exchange is only one of the capital markets of the world. Historically it has arisen as a necessary adjunct to the industrial revolution. Capital markets became essential to finance big corporations, and as America became the leader in corporate development it followed as a natural sequence that in the New York Stock Exchange America evolved the outstanding share market of the world. Now there is more glamor in capital markets than in others, just as there is more appeal to the casual observer in the great rolling rooms of the United States Steel Corporation than there is in the storing of wheat or the planting of rice. It was through this brain bedazzling fascination that General Dawes, in his picturesque manner, tried to penetrate, when he characterized Wall Street as a "peanut stand."

The New York Stock Exchange is even more mysterious to the average man than is electricity, but whereas he perceives quickly the dangers adhering to electricity, he fails utterly to sense the perils lurking beneath the bubbling quotations on the exchange. Many people are benefited by electricity, but these people do not play with the wires nor do they experiment with the current. Technicians, protected by rubber gloves and scientific knowledge and experience, are constantly working to further develop electrical energy, and yet despite their precautions many perish in the laboratory. And if a specialist often comes to grief, it is small wonder that the layman is invariably injured. The same applies to operations on the New York Stock Exchange. One of the most marvelous mechanisms of the machine age, it has made it possible for the small man to participate in corporate development through purchases of shares in leading equities. And as long as he buys with savings and for the primary purpose of acquiring income, he is similar to the consumer of electricity and I believe will in time derive as much benefit, but as soon as he uses credit and buys on margin, he is like the man who plays with electricity without rubber gloves. The first man is an investor, and if short selling works to his detriment, it should be abolished. The second man is a speculator, and if he is urged to exercise caution and fails to do so, it is his own responsibility. Because of his inexperience he struggles under the illusion that he is an investor and invariably purchases stocks. If the market rises, his equity increases and his worries over margin calls diminish. He was short money so he borrowed to go long stocks. His rallying cry was never to sell the United States short. Buy it, even if you can't pay for it. The short who has gone long money and short stocks has his margin cut down and must either buy in his stock or raise more money. The stock has proved more valuable than the money, and he is forced out to the great delight of the eager bull. When the shoe is on the other foot and the stock goes down, the bull speculator feels hurt and incensed to think that anyone should be taking advantage of his misfortune. He cries loudly about destroying the country and menaces to civilization, little realizing that his rampant enthusiasm may have been as unfortunate for the country as too violent exercise often is for the individual.

Now, every intelligent man and woman knows that countries are neither made nor broken on stock exchanges. Too many people have acquired the fantastic notion that patriotism centers on the floor of stock exchanges and that George Washington, were he to return in the flesh, would become the leading operator of the present day. What utter nonsense! The great bulk of the people, even today, do not have the faintest conception of what the New York Stock Exchange is and move placidly about the factory or the farm, as their calling may be. The stock exchange is a visible reflection of their efforts, not they a reflection of its energy. The sooner we realize this, the better off all of us will be. High wages do not produce prosperity, as President Hoover has endeavored to make us believe; on the contrary, prosperity is the only thing that can make for high wages. And, similarly, it is putting the cart ahead of the horse to talk about higher stock prices leading to good business. One of the great troubles with the present depression is that too many business men and bankers are looking at the reflection in the mirror rather than at the face itself.

Neither the bull nor the bear can alter basic values over a period of time. These fundamental market values are produced by long buying and long selling, emanating principally from business men who know thoroughly their own companies. Both bull and bear attempt to sense this buying or selling, and ultimately

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their success or failure depends upon the rapidity of their adjustments to these norms. And it is on account of this elementary factor that short selling statistics become worthless and murky thinking evolves.

If one adheres to the view that short selling stabilizes the market, and it does in the relative sense that it would be even less stable without it, nevertheless, how can one explain the fact that there are invariably less shorts at the top and more at the bottom of the market than at any other time? Yet the answer is quite simple; it is that very factor which determines a top or a bottom. Whenever there are a great many shorts in the market, look for a bottom, and whenever there are a great many longs, look for a top. This is because despite popular ideas on the subject, speculators are followers, not leaders. They do not initiate trends, except in the sense that they lead them after their base has been laid. And recognizing this, it takes little reflection to perceive that short selling is far more beneficial to a market than is long marginal buying, and that if the latter is permitted and the former is abolished, a severe penalty is inflicted on the investor. If a man desires to abolish both short selling and long marginal buying, one cannot quarrel with his logic, except on the grounds of economic retrogression, but to eliminate one without touching the other is to deliberately unbalance the scales.

I fully admit that short selling is neither the constructive influence in the market its proponents hold (because in practice it does not work as in theory), nor is it the destructive force its critics suppose. In some cases it serves as a market stabilizer, while in others it unquestionably is a demoralizing influence. However, in both instances these are particular situations and quite aside from the general rule. The functional purpose of short selling is to facilitate business in much the same way as checks do. It is, simply stated, the keystone in the arch of liquidity, and as such protects the investor by furnishing him with one of his most necessary requisites.

One hears a great deal about bear raids and the demoralization of the market by unscrupulous operators. I do not deny that such exist, any more than I deny that there are murderers and kidnappers still in existence, despite our laws. Against this rare contingency every stock exchange has legislated from the beginning and the New York Stock Exchange, under Article XVII, section 4, has provided for expulsion of any member deemed guilty of attempting to do this. If one were to destroy all the instruments that can occasionally be misused, there would be little of the machine age remaining. And while one hears a great deal about bear raids, all quietly acquiesce in bull raids and bull pools. They, of course, are patriotic. Put prices up to the sky, and never a word of warning. And yet I maintain that if legislation honestly desires to protect the American investor, it must begin here, for this is at the root of the entire matter.

When one inveighs against short selling, one cries out against market speculation. There has been an intelligent outcry against this from time immemorial, and from a theoretical standpoint, justly so. Millions of dollars are lost every year by speculation, and over a long period of time the number of speculators who have made big money and kept it can be listed on the fingers of one hand. Yet from a practical standpoint, all sane economists have been forced to recognize the legitimate place of such speculators. Their losses have been the insurance premiums which little and big investors would have been otherwise forced to pay for that element so necessary to successful investing in a world of varying vicissitudes, namely, liquidity. I do not condone this loss, but I recognize it as a definite factor in modern economy, just as is the physical loss so often incidental to human achievement.

However, I must pause here for a moment to emphasize the thin but none the less tangible line dividing speculation from gambling. The speculator buys or sells for the purpose of making a profit. The gambler neither buys nor sells. He simply bets that prices will go up or down. Now it is my contention that credit became so abundant in 1928-1929 that great hordes of people were usurping the place of speculators, and so meager was their actual purchasing power they were virtually bucket shop gamblers. One prominent and well informed floor trader, in recounting 1929 experiences, apologized to the writer for being caught long in the market when it broke, as follows: "What could I do," he said, "but follow the band wagon when I discovered to my sorrow that to sell short several thousand shares of a medium priced issue was like throwing fish to a sea lion, and that while I worried about having such a large position, some chauffeur or gardener probably bought my entire line and slept soundly, dreaming of the money he'd send his folks in dear old Ireland?" Such a regrettable state of affairs was not caused by the absence of short selling any more than the present decline has been caused by its presence, but by a failure to control credit. Credit is the base of this whole structure.

Let us not then waste our energies attacking ghosts such as short sellers, unknown individuals which assume superstitious proportions as voodoo idols. How many times have we heard about the Machiavellian "they"? "They" are going to push up Copper or Can. "They are bearish or bullish." "They are selling Telephone." "They are about to raid the market." Let us educate ourselves beyond this, and casting aside this personalized intangible "they," perceive the impersonal tangible "they" that is connoted by the word credit. Literally billions of dollars have been utterly destroyed and untold human misery and tragedy caused by excessive and unwarranted grants of credit. Let us then face the problem squarely and recognize that, when we are able to devise a means of controlling credit within reasonable limits, we will not worry about such straw men as short sellers, and the world will have a sounder prosperity than it has ever had before.

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THE NEGRO CHALLENGES CATHOLICISM

By JOHN T. GILLARD

THE NEW Negro is rejecting Reformation Christianity. As a possible substitute Russian Communism is suspect. In his quest he challenges Catholicism. Can the old religion answer the new Negro who hears the voice of Jacob but feels the hands of Esau?

In the words of the Negro writer, Kelly Miller:

> The Negro no longer respects the white man's pretensions to Christianity. A religion that cannot cross the color line will not meet the needs of the world. The despised man will not take a religion that must be handed to him with the left hand across the great divide. Christ said to His disciples: "Where I go, there ye may be also." The white Christian says to his black co-religionist: "So far and no farther. . . ." A religion which stultifies the soul cannot save it. For what is the value of a stultified soul even though it be saved?

Upon the occasion of the Holy Father's recent encyclical on Christian marriage a noted atheistic sociologist, H. E. Barnes, commented upon the Pope's letter to the effect that the day had come when those who wish to be Christians must be Catholics, for that is the only logical and intelligent religion in existence today. This being so, Catholic Christianity must bear the brunt of the Negro's challenge to Christianity. If the Catholic Church be the Church of Christ, then surely the Negro has a right that she be able to meet his challenge.

Long since dead is the Protestant Negro, Dr. E. W. Byden, who wrote:

> The thoughtful and cultivated Protestant Negro, though he may *ex animo* subscribe to the tenets of the particular denomination to which he belongs, as approaching nearest to the teaching of God's word, cannot read history without feeling a deep debt of gratitude to the Roman Catholic Church. The only Christian Negroes who have had the power successfully to throw off oppression and maintain their position as freedmen were Roman Catholic Negroes—the Haitians. And the greatest Negro the Christian world has yet produced was a Roman Catholic—Toussaint L'Ouverture. In the modern ecclesiastical system, as was the case in the military system of ancient Rome, there seems to be a place for all races and colors.

The nearest approach to ideal conditions under which the Catholic Church has ever worked for the Negroes were those which obtained in Brazil during the period of slavery. A comparison between the treatment of slaves in Catholic Brazil and Protestant America during that period gives an illuminating basis upon which to evaluate the relative claims of Catholic and Protestant Christianity. Mary W. Williams, Goucher College (Protestant), Baltimore, has made this comparison. In an article entitled, "The Treatment of Negro Slaves in the Brazilian Empire: a Comparison with the United States of America" (*Journal of Negro History*, July, 1930), she writes:

> One of the factors [in securing good treatment for the slaves] was the unifying influence of the Catholic Church, with which the casual and diminishing part played by the Protestant group in the Southern United States offers no comparison.

She describes minutely the care which the Catholic Church took of the slaves, how they attended their religious duties, were properly instructed, and aided in gaining their freedom, etc. She continues:

> Most important of all—and most difficult fully to evaluate because the influence was so subtle—membership in the Roman Church bound the slaves, with all the power represented by that organization, to white Brazilians, in a brotherhood based upon the recognition of God as a common Father. This tie was everywhere formally acknowledged by a little ceremony which preceded the retirement of the slaves for the night. . . . No racial barrier discouraged the development of their talents. To them all trades and professions were open, and the realms of art and scholarship, as well; political offices were held by ex-slaves; as priests they ministered to the whites as well as to the blacks, and were even raised to the bishopric in the Catholic Church.

Probably the most memorable document stating the position of the Popes and the Catholic Church on the question of slavery was the letter addressed to the bishops of Brazil by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII (1888), in which he exhorted the Brazilian hierarchy to do all in its power to banish from the country all remnants of slavery. Without bloodshed or the nightmare of a "Negro problem," slavery was completely abolished from Catholic Brazil. So impressed was President Roosevelt when he traveled through South America that he wrote:

> If I were asked to name the one point in which there is complete difference between the Brazilians and ourselves, I should say that it was in the attitude toward the black man. . . . The ideals of the United States and Brazil as regards the treatment of the Negroes are wholly different. . . . [He quotes with approval:] "We treat the Negro with entire respect, and he responds to the treatment. If a Negro shows capacity and integrity, he receives the same reward that a white man would receive. He has therefore every incentive to rise."

In the United States the Catholic Church never was in a position to exert much influence upon the question of slavery. Beaten down by persecution from without and torn asunder by schism within, the wonder is that she survived those times at all. It is a matter of history, nevertheless, that where and when she was in a

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position to command attention she defended the rights of the Negroes and enforced her mandates in their regard. Carter G. Woodson, a non-Catholic Negro historian, writes:

> The Spanish and French missionaries, the first to face this problem [education of the Negroes], set an example which influenced the education of the Negroes throughout America. . . . Put to shame by this noble example of the Catholics, the English colonists had to find a way to overcome the objections of those who, granting that the enlightenment of the slaves might not lead to servile insurrection, nevertheless feared that their conversion might work their manumission.

But not on history alone does the Negro live. Yesterday may have its glories; today must have its calories.

That the Catholic Church does not preach the Gospel to the Negroes with her tongue in her cheek is evident from the record of achievement which is hers. While the figures reported are not rotund, they are stalwart; and considering the resources at her command, as well as the almost insurmountable obstacles which confront her, one must marvel that so much has been produced from so little. Twelve baskets full is good return from five loaves and seven fishes. When such *advocati diaboli* as Henry Mencken and Clarence Darrow speak in mellifluent terms of the Catholic Church's care for the colored, surely no one shall say nay.

Writing in a Negro journal, *Opportunity,* Henry Mencken roundly scores the Negro for his loyalty to "dunghill varieties of Christianity." He makes only two exceptions:

> If their nature demands the consolations of religion, then there is plenty of room for them on more decorous levels. In Baltimore, my friend, Dr. George F. Bragg, jr., shepherds a flock of Episcopalians: they are an intelligent and civilized people, and he himself is respected as a scholar and a man. There are in the same town many Negro Catholics—quiet, devoted, self-respecting men and women, to whom a Methodist revival would be as horrifying as it would be to the president of Harvard.

Writing in another Negro magazine, *Crisis,* Clarence Darrow hits hard at Negro churches which take the Negro's money and give him nothing in return. He makes only one exception to his general condemnation. He writes:

> Of course it is only fair to say that one great Church, the Catholic, does not discriminate against the Negro. This Church has earned the respect of the Negro and there is every reason for the tendency of the Negro religionist toward Catholicism.

Like her Divine Master the Catholic Church can stand before the world and say, "Which of you shall convince me of sin as regards the Negro?" But all Catholics cannot say that. Paradoxically we are not altogether catholic Catholics here in America. The Negro may pray before the statue of a Negro saint on a Catholic altar, but often his prayers must be sent heavenward from the Jim Crow rear or gallery. He is damned if he does not go to Mass on Sunday, and he is not welcomed if he does go. By way of quieting our qualms at the perversion of the Negro in America we contribute an alms toward the conversion of the Negro in Africa. Verily the Negro blames us for being skin-shy religionists.

Probably the reason why he is so disappointed in us Catholics is that he recognizes the Catholic Church as the greatest moral force in the world and the only moral force which gives promise of ability to solve his problems. He finds the Church pregnant with promise but Catholics still-born with prejudice. The reason is not so much because we are Catholics as because we are Americans. As Catholics we are trained to think catholic; as Americans we act provincial. This is the only explanation for the vast difference between our preaching and our practising.

If the Catholic Church can claim as her own but one out of every sixty Negroes, the fault is not to be imputed to her shame. Unheralded and unsung, her missioners have gone into a section of the country born in prejudice and reared in suspicion of all things Catholic. If the priests and Sisters who have so generously given their all have failed to achieve a phenomenal success, the shame is on those of us who have hardened our hearts and our arteries to their cries for help, and will not heed them.

The problem is not what to do with the black man so much as it is what to do with the white man. If we 21,000,000 Catholics in the United States would go out of our way a little to convince the 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States that the Catholic Church really wants them in her communion, it would not be long before the Negro race would be a Catholic people. Our supine indifference makes the Church as much distraught in finding the Negro as it makes him despair in finding Christ. After fifty years of most discouraging missionary labor, today we are far from the goal for which so many had hoped and so few have striven. And the only reason is that the Catholic pew is still half Protestant.

It behooves us Catholics not only to spiritualize our consciences as regards the Negro, but to socialize them as well. Our practical views of the color question, of the rights and privileges of the Negro, and our corresponding duties toward him are matters which should receive our best thought, not only as Catholics performing a spiritual duty imposed by Christ, but as citizens keenly alive to the welfare of our country. The problems of the Negro are problems vitally connected with the general welfare of the country which, in the face of accusations to the contrary, we profess loudly and blatantly to love. Yet there are those of us who seem to think that the Negro is outside the pale of our obligation: that he has no moral, social, industrial, political or religious rights which we are bound to respect; in a word, that he is destined to be poor, ignorant and outcast, and that there is no way of preventing it.

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It were vain to deny that there are certain practical difficulties in the way of achieving immediate success in our Catholic program. But no difficulties can alter the command of Christ that all nations and races must be brought into the true fold. We Catholics, by a kind and persistent endeavor, can influence the attitude of America toward its colored citizens. Twenty-one million Catholics is not an inconsiderable leaven. First, however, we must ourselves suffer a conversion of heart, a correction of views, and an increase of that stern self-discipline which holds the strong true to personal ideals. Then, having converted ourselves, we shall be in a position to go forth and convert the Negro. Until we do that, we Catholics shall be unable to meet the challenge of the new Negro.

Could we but see the royal romance of the Church's work among the dark-skinned children of a universal Christ! By service to a sorrowing people, by kindness to a suffering people, can we make less shameful one of the darkest pages in the history of the United States and remove a fact which all missioners to the Negroes must try in vain to explain to prospective converts—that the Catholic Church apparently is not all things to all men.

Christ calls from the hills of Rome; Caesar calls from the steppes of Russia. Which way for the American Negro? The answer lies in our own hearts. But one thing is certain: we shall never make many Negroes Catholic until we first make more Catholics Christian.

The Knitters

In companies or lone
They bend their heads, their hands
They busy with their gear,
Accomplishing the stitch
That turns the stocking-heel
And closes up the toe,
    These knitters at their doors.
Their talk's of nothing else
But what was told before,
Sundown and gone sundown
While goats bleat from the hill,
And men are tramping home
    By knitters at their doors.
And we who go this way
A benediction take
From hands that ply their task
For the ten thousandth time
    Of knitters at their doors,
Since we who deem our days
Most varied, come to own
That all the works we do
Repeat a wonted toil.
May it be done as theirs
Who turn the stocking-heel
And close the stocking-toe
In grace and with content—
    These knitters at their doors.

PADRAIC COLUM.

COMMUNICATIONS

MR. BAKER'S WILSON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Why do the admirers of the late Woodrow Wilson persist in the repetition of that unqualified inaccuracy that the war President was placed hors de combat by the so-called Irish political bosses? Jerome G. Kerwin, in his review of Volumes III and IV of Ray Stannard Baker's "Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson," which appears in the April 27 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, is the latest offender against accuracy and good taste.

It is true that in his New Jersey Senate campaign Woodrow Wilson had some ineffective opposition from the Smith-Nugent forces of Newark, but he had correspondingly just as effective support from Irish and Irish-American citizens in other parts of the state. One of the disagreeable facts that the Wilson worshipers hate to admit is that the Princeton educator never would have been governor of New Jersey had the Smith-Nugent-Davis group not approved his candidacy. The nomination was Mr. Katzenbach's for the asking, or, rather, for the taking.

One of the bitterest enemies President Wilson had to battle with was the very non-Irish Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. There was also Senator Johnson of California. Senator Reed of Missouri I shall concede to be of the Irish group. But it should not be forgotten that the White House carried the fight against Jim Reed into the Missouri camp. In that case Mr. Wilson got what he deserved and what he badly needed.

I will admit that the campaign against the League of Nations was in the rank and file sense fought by the Irish and Irish-American voters. And they proved themselves more than a match for the Wilson forces and allies. A check up will show that in Jersey City, Boston, New York, Butte (Montana) and other cities with large Irish contingents and strongly Democratic, the voters went to the polls overwhelmingly for Harding and against Cox and some very popular and strong local men on his ticket. I can cite the sweeping defeat of H. Otto Wittpen for the New Jersey governorship by the present Ambassador to France, then an unknown quantity alongside of Wittpen. In all those cities the machines with their "Irish bosses" at their heads or controls supported President Wilson's candidate, Mr. James M. Cox, with the League of Nations platform on which he ran.

The rank and file of the Irish and Irish-American voters defeated President Wilson because they understood foreign propaganda better than any other section and for the first time in a generation voted en bloc to accomplish their purpose. The so-called Irish bosses from the Tammany chieftains to the Buffalo Irish overlords, FitzPatrick and Conners, and all the others in the cities in between tried hard to elect Wilson's candidate. It was the same in other states. If I were asked to put down the chief cause of the collapse of President Wilson in this country, I should place the President's ignorance of American psychology and bent at the head of the list. Mr. Wilson's failure to grasp the fact that the overwhelming mass of the American people were in their hearts anti-European and had little interest in Europe or its politics, is the most noticeable factor in his make-up. If it were not so, as a victorious war President, he would have a hard time resisting a nomination for a third term. His own nomination, or his picked substitute, would have been ratified at the polls two to one over any man selected by the Republicans.

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Had he brought back the Ladrone and Marianne Islands instead of the dubious Yap; had he given some recognition to the small nations of the non-German world who were seeking to place their claims before the peace commissioners at Versailles, he might have redeemed himself with many powerful groups and even satisfied the parochial elements in the small towns and villages.

To the end of his days (if the books written about him mean anything and represent him correctly) Woodrow Wilson understood no one but himself. The dominating characteristic of his life was his consistent failure in meeting opponents in political battle. He is the only chieftain in the long range of Democratic leadership who never tried to understand his opponents. In consequence, and I believe for no other reason, he was defeated in every battle. Only the Germans went down before him for the very good reason they are the least politically minded people in the world.

One of the greatest inaccuracies in his own and in other accounts of himself is the so-called "Scotch-Irish" tag or label. Mr. Wilson's father was from County Down, which is more than one-third Catholic and Gaelic. The part of the county that is Protestant and non-Gaelic or mixed is less Scotch than Derry, Enniskellen, Antrim or Tyrone. A reading of any authoritive work on Down will show that the ne'er-do-wells and outcasts of the Three Kingdoms were dumped on that corner of Ulster. Who does not recall Milton's bitter words on the Presbyterians of that section? The Wilsons had the blood of both English and Irish, with perhaps a strain of Scotch. His mother's people were from Carlisle and were English, with a strain of the Baltic states in their make-up. Woodrow Wilson's own references to his Covenanter ancestors were overworked and reminded me of the Hamlet line, "The lady doth protest too much." The Covenanters who fought so hard in Scotland did not emigrate to Ireland and least of all to County Down. This last paragraph may sound strange to many. They will, perhaps, recall Mr. Dooley's immortal definition of the Scotch-Irishman as a Connaughtman turned Freemason. Which is another way of saying a freeman has turned snob and is trying to produce a family tree out of ignorance or bigotry instead of blood.

In an age of glittering science one would not expect to find so much trash and multi-colored mud padded into the life of a public man with the genuine records and facts so handy to all. Future historians will ask in wonder why the world possesses so much that is true about the lives of Saint Paul, Saint Columba and Saint Patrick and so little that is reliable about the lives of Wilson, Harding and Hoover as set down in books, although the earlier age had few writers, scarcely no professors and hardly any trained men with staffs of research workers.

PATRICK L. QUINLAN.

A POLITICAL EMPIRE DISAPPEARS

Ottawa, Ontario.

TO the Editor: Mr. M. Gratton O'Leary, in his article "A Political Empire Disappears," in THE COMMONWEAL of April 27, makes the statement that "Canadians fail to get excited over news from Dublin that Mr. De Valera proposes abolition of an oath of allegiance to the king. They know that the abolition of this oath would in no sense imply the secession of the Irish Free State from the coöperative union of peoples known as the British Commonwealth of Nations." Mr. O'Leary, though an eminent writer and man of affairs, is not a lawyer and quite evidently did not submit his article to any lawyer prior to its publication. Had he done so he would, I venture to say, have found no Canadian lawyer of any standing, certainly no constitutional lawyer, prepared to agree with him. As at present constituted, the British Commonwealth of Nations is what is known as a "personal union." The sole legal tie uniting the otherwise independent nations is allegiance to the person of a common sovereign. Remove that tie, as Mr. De Valera proposes to do, and the union comes automatically to an end.

The Honorable P. B. Mignault, who was for many years a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada and who, upon his retirement two years ago, accepted a professorship in the faculty of law of McGill University, has furnished me with the text of a reference to this subject which he made in a lecture to the students delivered on April 6, 1932, and which reads as follows:

"This common allegiance to the crown is the keystone of the British Commonwealth of Nations. There is one crown and seven associated nations, and that crown is the 'symbol' of their 'free association.' The allegiance which each member of this 'free association' owes to that crown is the bond of union between it and the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It could not be taken away without destroying the whole edifice.

"Questions have been raised recently in a sister dominion as to this duty of allegiance and as to the oath required of public officials, by reason of this duty. The duty is fundamental, being the condition sine qua non of membership in this 'free association.' To repudiate it would be to secede from the association itself.

"And as to secession, since I must use the term, I express my concurrence in what Wade and Phillips say about it in their work on constitutional law, published last year. I quote from page 363: 'It can only be said that secession is entirely outside the law. It could be effected only by a declaration of independence followed by a treaty or some form of recognition. In practice, no dominion could be kept by force within the commonwealth. The altering of legal forms to correspond with present usage will not give to the dominions a legal right to secede, inasmuch as secession would be an extra-legal act. Equally, secession could certainly not be prevented by any attempt to preserve the legal supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, as it used to exist.'

"I need only add that our allegiance to the crown is allegiance to our own country. It is our badge of citizenship, and we are proud of it."

That the question does not hinge on a mere legal technicality will be evident from a consideration of the position of the Governor General of the Irish Free State. By the constitution, he must be appointed by the king, upon the advice of the Irish government. If the oath be abolished, how, then, can a successor be appointed, when the present incumbent in the natural course, vacates the office? The Free State ministers cannot go to the king and tender him advice as to the appointment of a successor, since the answer would obviously be, "I cannot act on your advice, since you owe me no allegiance."

There can be no manner of doubt, therefore, that the abolition of the oath of allegiance, if acquiesced in, will automatically exclude the Irish Free State from the Union of British Nations, as at present constituted. What other and different tie could be devised and whether or not, if devised, its substitution for the present one would be acceptable to the other members of the union, are questions as to which I express no opinion.

W. L. SCOTT.

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RECOGNIZE THE RUSSIAN DANGER

Harbin, Manchuria.

TO the Editor: I just finished reading your splendid editorial, "Recognize the Russian Danger." You and your readers will be interested to learn of the work that is being done here in Harbin for the Union of the Church so dear to the heart of the Holy Father.

In 1928 the Ursulines of Poland were invited to Harbin to take over a secondary school for the education of Russian girls. A similar school for boys had previously been organized under the auspices of Monsignor Abrantiovitch, the Père Archimandrite of the Manchurian district who had been sent here by the Holy Father to look after the welfare of the Uniat Church.

After a brief trial it was found expedient that the nuns, too, should adopt the Greek Rite. Today we follow the Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom. All of our prayers are said in Russian.

Our pupils are mostly gathered from the émigrée class. The greater part of them are Orthodox. However, it is these Orthodox girls who sing the responses at the daily "Liturgy." The word "Mass" of course is not used. Our school is an attraction for these Russians, as we teach English not only as a subject but all subjects are taught in English. These Russians, many of whom belong to the nobility, are desirous that their children should have of the best so as to be prepared to take their proper place in Russia whensoever they may do so.

To help in the English department Mother Gabrielle O'Brien, Oxford M.A., from England and I from America (Nebraska) left our homes last October. At present many Orthodox secular teachers are employed in this school to aid in the work of teaching. In Harbin the Uniat Catholics are few. There are three priests of the Greek Catholic Rite. There are some fifty Orthodox priests.

Today Harbin is apparently safe as far as physical danger is concerned. Taken over by the Japanese the latter part of January, it lies a connecting link between the Trans-Siberian Railroad and the Southern Manchurian Road, between the Soviet Republic and Asiatic China. The Japanese brought order. At present many troops have left here to go "bandit hunting" in neighboring towns where atrocities are being committed. The Japanese also brought with them a fall in the value of the yen and a raise in the price of commodities.

To those of you who are interested in the truly Catholic work of the Union of the Church I would make an appeal. So few know of the importance of this work that, while many of the mission-minded of America have generously made sacrifices in behalf of the foreign mission, few have been called upon to help that great Oriental Church so near to us in sacraments and creed. We follow practically the same liturgy as the Russian Orthodox. We, as they, use the Julian Calendar. We are not, as you are, singing the Alleluias of the Paschal season but still have four weeks of Lent. Our Easter will be on May 1. A sacrifice, yes, but a delight to know that this splendid body of Russian émigrée children are learning of the love of God, in spite of all that is being done in their own country, not only to annihilate this knowledge, but to turn it to an anti-God campaign.

Will some of you, nay, many of you, who have "recognized the Russian danger" come to our help in order that this germ for unity may be watered and fed by your prayers, good works and almsgiving? Unless speedy financial help comes to us, our work will indeed be crippled, if not altogether maimed.

SISTER MARY RITA BUTTELL, O.S.U.

BOOKS

Browning's Reputation

Browning: Background and Conflict, by F. R. G. Duckworth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

THERE is a fable for critics in the contemplation of the cubit; for just as the cubit, representing the distance from elbow to finger tip, worked toward the maintenance of proportion within races by varying according to race stature, just so critics might add something to the value of criticism by realizing the shifting of taste from epoch to epoch, the while holding fast to their sense of the universal. Mr. F. R. G. Duckworth is such a critic, and his volume, "Browning: Background and Conflict," in so far as it estimates Browning at all, does so by showing critical reaction to him at different times, in the first part, and attempts to account for his shortcomings, on the basis of personality, in the second.

For instance, in "Background" Mr. Duckworth analyzes the poet's reputation during three decades which differ widely from one another in general characteristics, and widely, indeed, in their opinion of Browning's work. The critics of the eighteen-fifties, it is shown, in spite of "Men and Women," published in 1855 and by common consent his best work, failed entirely to understand Browning's reflection of Victorian taste. They resented his predilection for things Italian and they failed to see what underlay poems like "Andrea del Sarto," "The Statue and the Bust" and perhaps even "My Last Duchess": for notwithstanding his preference for Tuscany, Pippa, olives, Chianti, and rascals like Fra Lippo Lippi, he was, as we see him now, quite definitely patriotic, progressive, moral—Victorian during the height of Victorianism. During the nineties, on the other hand, his reputation reached its zenith. The Victorian age had passed; at least Max Beerbohm announced in 1894, "The Victorian era comes to an end." Hence, it was but natural that a decade during which the disturbances of a previous age had become a tempest should, in rebellion, admire a poet considered refractory by that age. Moreover, during the nineteen-twenties the few persons interested in poetry realized that a new mode was developing and that they were far enough away from Browning to place him, at least tentatively, in the literary hierarchy; they did so—somewhere upon the level occupied by Arnold Swinburne and Rossetti. In short, it is demonstrated that during the decades selected Browning's reputation varied as widely as the times.

The second part of the book, "Conflict," makes some effort to account for the poet's shortcomings by showing that Browning never found sufficient courage to come out from behind the characters he created, from the shade "of their prismatic hues into the white light of his own convictions." This idea, of course, is paralleled by previous comments to the same effect, but no one has done justice to it as has Mr. Duckworth. Basing his comment upon one of the early letters to Elizabeth Barrett and the promise, there expressed but never fulfilled, to write a poem to be called "R. B.—a Poem," he proceeds to convince one that had the poet been able to emerge in his own person, he might have struck nearer the heart of his material and so have deserved a niche somewhat above the second-rate English poets.

The book is stimulating. One need not approve of the conclusions or of the writing, which last is none too good, but he can do little less than admire the point of view and the form. For poetry, after all, is imaginative, not objective. It has to do,

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in so far as it is distinguished, not with particulars but with universals; hence, the poet is but seldom to be thought of as autobiographer: one is reminded of the frequency with which Browning has been misjudged because of "All's right with the world," and almost never as the composer of social documents —beware "The Ring and the Book" in which connection. From the social point of view, as a result, the poet is to be regarded as reflecting the taste, merely, of his day, or perhaps his own taste, which may be at variance and hence, sometimes, influential toward improvement; but that is all. How nearly, for example, does "Mourning Becomes Electra" record ideals and realities native among us? How much of "The King's Henchman" is socially authentic? And how far may Browning be relied upon as an historian of the Renaissance?

Mr. Duckworth may or may not ever have contemplated the cubit; we may, nevertheless, take a leaf or two from his book.

GEORGE CARVER.

Among the Poor

Le Christ dans la banlieue, by Pierre Lhande, S.J. Paris: Librairie Plon.

THERE has just been published the third of the series of studies, under the general title above, in which Father Lhande, the famous radio preacher of Paris, describes the results of the Church's missionary work among the tatterdemalion swarms that, for a century, have been deserting the land and pressing in upon the overcrowded capital of France. Since 1840, when the walls of Louis XVI marked the limits of Paris, successive tides of immigration have extended its outskirts from twenty to twenty-five kilometers, and increased its industrial population by more than two millions. It is only within recent years that municipal engineers have taken in hand the organization of this new urban territory with its squalidly-housed families of working people, who, left to themselves, are easily converted to Communism. The society founded by Count de Mun, L'Œuvre des Chapelles de Secours, began more than twenty years ago to spread its charities among the poor human driftwood swept toward the machines and the factories of the towns. "Those people are masters of our destiny and our laws," said this zealous layman; "with them it shall rest whether France remains Christian or falls back into paganism." If that prophecy may have seemed extravagant in 1909, when it was spoken, today the issue between Rome and Moscow at those seamy borders of Parisian society stands out with clear realism.

Father Lhande points out the solid achievements of clerical and lay missionaries among the menacing Red settlements. Since 1925 they have founded 349 establishments in the slum colonies encircling Paris, some of them mere *pieds-à-terre*—dressing stations and nurseries—but all of them centers of material as well as of spiritual benefit, as is proved by the rise of real estate values. Given such evidence, far-seeing politicians are extending a tentative patronage to the pioneers of Catholic charity. In the past year, the civil administration, in its plan of urbanization, has allocated two of the most desirable central sections in one of the *banlieues* to be used as propagating nuclei of the Church's civilizing and conserving influences.

Making the tour of the hideous periphery of faubourg and *banlieue* with our expert Basque guide is to get a picture of La Ville-Lumière unknown to the Cook tourist. The proletarian tribes who inhabit huts and hovels, who crowd into quarters turned into muddy sewers by the rains, know neither God nor human justice. In the district of Blanc-Mesnil the annual mortality rate among infants is 53 out of 150. Unprotected by the sanitary agencies of public welfare, with no notion of hygiene or of morality, this wretched class of people survive only by some stubborn biological principle of adaptation, best explained perhaps by Father Lhande's humorous theory that there are so many microbes on the ground that their energies are completely occupied in exterminating one another. The crying need in such a situation, as our guide points out, is moral instruction. "It is not white-washed walls, it is purified souls, that are required," says Father Lhande. Public good can only follow upon private reform.

A scientific basis for the religious enterprise is provided by the U. S. I. C. (Syndicate of Catholic Engineers), laymen from the various technological schools of the capital who plan and construct the missions. And many of the priests have left university chairs and wealthy parishes to undertake the spiritual cure of the workingmen. Abbé Mercier, the founder of the parish of Goussainville in the northern limits of the *banlieues,* was a professor at the Grand Séminaire of Lyons; Abbé Touzard, a professor at the Catholic Institute, brought the Gospel into the very thick of Parisian Communism, the district of Ménilmontant; and in Villejuif, Prince Ghika, the grandson of the last King of Moldavia, turns from the celebration of his Mass to play blindman's buff with the ragged urchins in his shabby little chapel.

How far Christian charity can go toward correcting the evils of our modern industrial society and checking the revolutionary ferment of the Red Apocalypse is hopefully revealed on every page of Father Lhande's chronicle of the new *légende dorée,* which Albert de Mun inaugurated in his address to the French Academy a quarter of a century ago. The *cercles d'ouvriers* which he founded bore immediate fruit. Priest and layman pitched into the work of the new apostolate, and through private alms, through the piety and devotion of individual as well as group volunteers, the golden harvest went on. *L'œuvre de la mie de pain* distributed food to hungry mouths; and catechists, giving up the leisure of their Sundays, carried instruction and entertainment to ragged flocks used to little besides dirt and hard knocks. In some places, the sneers and threats of the Communists change to thoughtful respect. Look at the Abbé Delétain, who has given up his post in a fashionable parish of Paris to take charge of Sainte-Anne de la Maison-Blanche and of Saint-Hippolyte. Whenever he takes the Viaticum to one of his humble charges, he carries with him a bouquet of violets for the sickroom. Look at Dom Bellot, just returned from the African missions, where, in Timbuctoo, he built his chapel from the proceeds of the ostrich feathers that he sold; now he is helping to build up a parish among the workmen at Le Bourget flying field. Throughout his chronicle, Père Lhande makes us acquainted with a score of these heroic and devoted nuns and priests who move through the faubourgs and the *banlieues* gathering souls to Christ.

The distinguished Jesuit himself deserves honorable mention for his part in this new missionary work of the Church. It was his pastoral studies in *Études* that awoke the attention of France to the spiritual destitution and the social dangers of the Paris slums. His Sunday radio conferences over T.S.F. bring a stream of charities and benefactions to aid in the work of the missions, and now in the three volumes of "Le Christ dans la banlieue," with their admirable maps and photographs, he makes it possible for the whole of Christendom to look on with pride at a magnificent twentieth-century example of the eternal vitality of the Gospel.

DOUGLAS POWERS.

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A Romantic Woman

Dorothy Wordsworth, by Catherine Macdonald Maclean. New York: The Viking Press. $5.00.

OUR TIME, which once more holds in esteem the proper values of femininity, is almost fatefully attracted to the "romantic" woman. The several recent biographies of Emily Dickinson have evoked a sympathy which would probably not have been granted two decades ago; and, unless I am mistaken, Miss Maclean has made Dorothy Wordsworth a similarly appealing person. Her book impresses one as having been written out of inner necessity. It moves the reader because, however objective for the most part, biographer and subject have joined hands and hearts. Accordingly one need not hesitate to term this a first-rate book. It has faults, the worst of which is probably a form of emotional narcissism. But it is almost everywhere very beautiful, it lives.

Miss Maclean is, of course, a scholar whom many years of reading have made so familiar with the story of the Lake Poets that hardly a page she writes fails to show how carefully she has gleaned the field. This knowledge of natural setting and human experience is never forced on the reader, but sinks inevitably into all the nooks and crannies of the emotional narrative. Extraneous information is, indeed, often suppressed, so that the figure of Dorothy may never be obscured by literary impressionism innately unrelated to her. She is seen as a woman "whose capacity for intensity of living amounted to genius." Perhaps occasionally this thesis leads Miss Maclean to overintensify lights and shades, as when for example she interprets the relations between Dorothy and Coleridge in a manner which seems, perhaps, better suited to fiction than sober history. But normally her touch is so obviously correct, her intuition so sure, that the reader follows her with happy obedience.

The newest material in the book is that which deals with the obscure childhood years at Cockermouth, Penrith, Forncett and Halifax. With the aid of what Miss Maclean has been able to discover regarding the lives of the Wordsworths in these places, it is much easier to see how and why the "experience of nature" was to mean so very much in their mature lives. In a recent book A.E. endeavors to trace his own, and others, poetic essence to childish pseudo-trances; and there is enough in the idea to justify one's feeling that Wordworth's vague, lifelong insistence on the fact was based upon recognition of a profound truth.

Dorothy, in her biographer's view, was a living exposition of the same principle. Her brother's line, "Shades of the prison-house begin to close," was given to her to exemplify poignantly but with almost matchless loveliness. One can only say that the earlier radiance must be exchanged, in religious faith, for a new and more enduring one. But of this neither Dorothy nor her biographer were deeply conscious.

Of very especial interest is the splendidly managed description of the Wordsworth household. This, which would have been impossible in a stodgy biography, is nevertheless not the hackneyed guesswork one so often gets under the guise of "unhackneyed treatment." The several figures of Coleridge, Wordsworth and De Quincey are traced with an attentive deftness one can only term high art. In short this is a singularly charming, worth-while and enjoyable book which I somewhat despairingly hope may be read widely. Though not by any means the first life of Dorothy Wordsworth, it is by all odds the best.

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NEXT WEEK

WAGES, by Gerhard Hirschfeld, considers the restoration and assurance of the buying power of the people, on which it is pretty generally agreed depends the salvation of capitalist and laborer and the unemployed from economic destruction and almost unimaginable chaos. The writer proceeds on the basis of the facts and figures of our industrial civilization, and traces where the money has been going which resulted from our unprecedented equipment for the production of real wealth, and from this demonstrates how it is that we have arrived at the insane position of being a nation starving in the midst of a superabundance of food and factory resources. No practical man or woman can read Mr. Hirschfeld's article and not appreciate the line of march if we are to come out of the wilderness, and where the responsibility lies for leadership of no mean order. . . . PAGAN AND CATHOLIC MEXICO, by Frank C. Hanighen, describes the curious error into which many critical observers are led by the Catholic Church in Mexico seemingly carrying on in an unbroken line ancient practices. . . . FARM LIFE, by the Very Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Great Falls, might well have been called "The Backbone of America." It is a brief and marvelously illuminating picture of a group of farmers who are a type of men this country may well be proud of. . . . AMERICAN POETRY AND CATHOLIC TRADITION, by J. V. Cunningham, sees in the work of our most modernistic poets a return to fundamentally Catholic principles of literature. . . . HERE AND THERE IN MODERN THOUGHT, by George N. Shuster, reviews several recent works of philosophy which contribute to a genuine advancement toward a better perception of that reality which we term truth.

Meditations in Verse

The Mysteries of the Rosary, by John Gilland Brunini. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

FOR A poet to envisage the great incidents, the mysteries, that are celebrated in the prayers of the rosary, is to have set his eyes toward the summits of the real Parnassus, not only of poetry but of life. For life is a transition from a here to a there, from youth to age, from time to eternity. *Transeamus usque:* let us go over to Bethlehem: and the route to the summit of the Ascension goes up and over Mount Calvary. True poets, with wise men and saints, keep close to the routes. Said the well-saying Abbé: "Le poète, le saint et le sage disent toujours: Encore, plus haut."

Welcome then to the young Muse of Mr. Brunini in these versified meditations on the fifteen mysteries; and earnest congratulations on the good measures of his art and the fervor of his lyrical appeals. And if I may be allowed to prognosticate, I readily say that this art and this atmosphere shall enlarge with further beauty and intensity the horizons and the summits of Mr. Brunini's vocation with the Muse. Already the address of his thoughts is musical and enthusiastic: the fulness of a summer is to come from the lyrical springtime.

Art and asceticism thrive beside the Cross, *juxta crucem,* even leaning on the Cross, not a langorous distance from the great station.

> "Learn to water tears with tears,
> Learn to vanquish fears with fears,"

is a darling prescription from Francis Thompson. And Mr. Brunini looks closely into the hallowed scenes for the achievement of his charming little volume. Thus in the garden of the Agony:

> "All time is compassed in this garden hour,
> Confessed and secret sins of centuries
> That were and are to be."

History indeed was a red scroll in that hour; and alongside this rhythmical summary by the poet may be set the majestic prose of Newman on Christ's vision of sin in that hour.

MICHAEL EARLS.

Things Seen

My Sister's Story, by Michael Ossorgin. New York: The Dial Press, Incorporated. $2.00.

A NEW book by the author of "Quiet Street" is a literary event. Mr. Ossorgin is certainly one of the most prominent figures of Russian literature today. His new novel, if not as important as "Quiet Street," is nevertheless a masterpiece.

The supreme art of the author consists in making out of a completely colorless subject, a powerful picture. Examined in detail, there is nothing striking in "My Sister's Story," not even a love affair, and yet the book completely overpowers you, takes hold of you, and haunts you after you have finished reading it, because it is so real, and you feel it to be so true. Every incident is painted with a subtle art that is unequaled, and indeed all the incidents of the book are painted rather than described, because it would seem no written word could bring them before us with such exactitude, such unconscious art. The entire book is seen, rather than felt. It does not require a super-intelligent person to see its beauties, but at the same time, it is essentially a book that appeals to intelligent people.

Some pages are exquisite. For instance, the story of the

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heroine Katya's wild desire to escape from her humdrum, annoying life and from the husband she does not care for, and then her acknowledgment of the impossibility of this flight, after she has already packed her trunk, is simply told and a simple thing in itself, and yet heart-rending and terrible in its commonplace adjustment to commonplace circumstances. In all Tolstoy's works there is no scene which can compare with this description of the inexorability of life, applied to one who, though a sufferer from it, fails to understand the grandeur of her own struggles to do what is right.

There is no plot in "My Sister's Story," and this is one of the reasons why it is so powerful. Life does not necessitate a plot, and Mr. Ossorgin's book is life in its bare reality—life which is neither entirely good, nor entirely bad, generally uneventful, and very often cruel, and which in many cases ends before one has had time to realize that it is ebbing away. It is a book one regrets laying down, so attractive are its pages, so lifelike are its characters and so real is their existence.

This story may not hold the fascination of "Quiet Street" for its readers, but it bears as much as the latter the stamp of real genius, and certainly it places its author at the top of the new school of novelists which post-war Russia has produced in spite of Bolshevism.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Britannia Up-to-date

The New British Empire, by W. P. Elliott. New York: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

THE AUTHOR, who is professor of government at Harvard, compares the reconstruction of the British Empire since 1914 with "a sort of Counter-Reformation of capitalist imperialism" that is directed against the new order which may evolve from the Russian adventure, which he likens in turn "to the Reformation's threat to the Papacy in the sixteenth century."

Professor Elliott shows this "new" empire as being less imperialistic or even nationalistic than truly international and soundly democratic, within a new political form: the British Commonwealth of Nations. He demonstrates it ably and convincingly, but does not give as much emphasis as this reader, at least, would like to see, to the impulse the present tendency in the British "Community of Nations" took from basic English ideas transplanted to and developed in America during the 168 years from 1608 to 1776.

With growing recognition of the identity of these "English" ideas and aspirations with essential "Americanism" (in spite of queer twists and turns and positive reversals on both sides of the Atlantic), we may some day arrive at a better understanding of the true meaning of our own history, beginning as an English racial experiment and evolving into the experiment in humanity that it is today. As an important by-product the place of the American Tory in this growth will appear in its true light, though without his defeat the evolution might never have taken place.

To him who understands it and knows how to use it, there is no more flexible structure nor one that gives better guarantees of liberty with order than this Anglo-Saxon system, the principles of which we brought with us, perfected here for our own uses, handed back to the British Empire and are now abandoning here under the influence of people who have reconstituted their lives in it, but dislike the word "Anglo-Saxon."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Evolution and Religion

JOHN A. O'BRIEN, Ph.D.
Professor in Newman Foundation
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This is probably the first book by a Catholic author who frankly accepts the evolutionary viewpoint as established by scientific generalization and attempts to interpret the bearing of this viewpoint upon the Christian religion. The author believes that evolution, if rightly understood, greatly strengthens the idea of purpose in the universe and reinforces the belief in a supreme intelligence, manifesting itself through the orderly processes of nature in the development of all forms of life. The book outlines the history of the development of the theory of evolution, discusses the question of mechanism and natural selection as opposed to purpose, interprets the philosophical significance of adaptation to environment, and sketches the bearing of uniformity of natural law upon the idea of the divine administration of the cosmos. *Student's edition. 8vo, 247 pages. Illus. $2.00.*

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French Rambles

French Leaves, by E. V. Lucas. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.

E. V. LUCAS is a benevolent humorist and traveler; a gentle philosopher with a twinkle in his eye. He is an Englishman through and through—but one who seeks sanctuary from the noisome crowd in the peace of pastoral France.

In Mr. Lucas's own words: "These French leaves bring together a number of stray descriptions of French towns, French works of art, French inns, and French journeys, with a eulogy of a great Frenchman here and there." Essentially, the book is a glorified guide through rural France. The essays concerning scenes in the north have all the freshness of apple-blossom time. Those devoted to things Basque paint a picture as colorful and mellow as the natives themselves.

Here is a book to be read leisurely. Each chapter provokes reminiscences: "Oh! That reminds me. When I was in France. . ." And there you are, off on your own French leave.

A particularly entertaining chapter is that concerning a gastronomical map of France. "Arles, where Roman remains crumble beneath a tropical sun, is, we find, honored for its sausages, and Orleans is famed less for the Maid than for its vinegar," says Mr. Lucas. "A similar map of England," he says, "has opportunity for less variety, although London might be tinted brown for beer." The last chapter, "Home Again," gives in amusing detail the events of a flight from Le Bourget to Croydon. It encompasses all a novice's emotions on flying.

Mr. Lucas has an adeptness for discovering towns and cathedrals, artists and anecdotes—to give them the due that others have so long postponed. Particularly effective in the rôle of essayist, he can, with a flourish of his pen, sweep you from this vale of tears to another and better land.

MADELEINE LAURIER.

Devotional

Selfhood and Sacrifice, by the Reverend Frank Gavin. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Morehouse Publishing Company. $1.00.

THESE addresses are Anglican, though the terms "non-Catholic" and "Mother Church" are used in Roman fashion. They are also, I gather, the work of one placing high value on psychiatry. Dr. John Rathbone Oliver, an authority as a practitioner of Anglo-Catholicism and psychiatry as well, says of them that they are "clear in their reasoning" and "modern in their understanding of our mental and spiritual difficulties." Yet I do not find them illuminating, nor can I even extricate "clear" meaning from most of the sentences.

This, from the Introduction, is an example: "If there be not in Jesus that appeal to universal human experience, an example which when perceived deftly appeals as self-evident and inevitably true, then Catholicism is wrong in saying that He, the Son of God, became the Son of Man. That He was man is beyond dispute. But that in seeing Him as man we can be content with that description of Him violates the verdict of the experience of those who knew Him best, from the first generation of His followers until those of us who today come to learn of Him the art of the atoning life."

The seven addresses comment on the Seven Last Words of Our Lord from the Cross, and have, evidently, formed a Good Friday devotion. Although I fail to understand their reasoning, it is quite clear that the writer values sympathetic human service and would be a patient and helpful friend. And he quotes delightful verses.

MARGARET KENDALL.

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Briefer Mention

Two Living and One Dead, by Sigurd Christiansen; translated by Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Liveright Incorporated. $2.50.

THIS novel, which won the Inter-Scandinavian Literary Contest of 1931, loses one point when presented to an American audience. In Norway the hold-up is more rare than in these United States, and defiance in the face of a pointed revolver is valued correspondingly higher. The dead of Mr. Christiansen's novel is the clerk who is shot down, without being given a chance, in the robbery of a small-town post-office. The two living are fellow workers—Lyderson who, unable to comprehend the true peril of the situation, rushes the bandits and is knocked unconscious; and Berger who, with time to grasp all its implications, abandons the cashbox and escapes. It is Berger's story which follows. It unfolds, with clarity and rising drama, the absorbing conflict of a soul condemned by the world for an action which, all his intellect protests, was the only sanity under the circumstances. Even to Berger's wife, who loves him, Lyderson becomes the hero, her husband the coward. The material is handled throughout with the effortlessness of true art. There is no pretentiousness despite the subtle psychological approach. The implications are all there without elaborate charts of purely subjective reactions. The structure is organic, the movement simply and irresistibly forward, mounting to an unforgettable climax.

Whither I Must, by Bridget Dryden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.00.

THE single-day-in-the-life-of-a-character device in novel-building is not new. "Whither I Must" must be considered on the merits, not of its form, but of its author's individuality of treatment. One group of readers will probably enjoy collecting bit by bit the widely scattered fragments of the picture and assembling them into a coherent whole. Others, among whom is this reviewer, will find the jig-saw-puzzle task downright irksome. Once assembled, this story of Emily Akbarjian presents an unusual character by a Catholic author who is at least to be praised for her departure from the pietistic prettinesses which too often blemish fiction labeled as Catholic. It may be that, in the violence of her reaction, Miss Dryden has allowed the pendulum to swing too far. The real imprint of Catholicism is too seldom discernible. Let us hope for more reality in her coming novel, and less of the "realism" which imparts a grey sordidness to this picture of New York life.

I Married a Ranger, by Mrs. "White Mountain" Smith. Stanford University, California: Stanford University Press.

THIS modest little volume gives no idea of all the pleasure to be found in its charming pages. It is a genuine account of an Eastern girl's experiences at Grand Canyon, including her marriage to the chief ranger, "White Mountain," visits to the Supai Indians and the Hopi snake dance, visits from General Diaz and Marshal Foch and many other interesting experiences. The reader is moved from laughter to tears, and swiftly back to laughter again. If you like stimulating characters, you are sure to find them here, so many intriguing people and animals are described in this small but powerful offering from the pen of an "adopted" Westerner. And Mrs. Smith has given one of the most illuminating and the sanest portraits of Indian life and Indian customs, to be found in any volume.

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AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Southern Road, by Sterling Brown. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THIS is widely reported to be one of the outstanding books of verse by one of the younger Negro writers. It has considerable pathos, some laughter and the true Negro sense of rythm. The themes seem pretty familiar, though Mr. Brown is above the average in his expression of the bitterness of his race against the discriminations and cruelties practised on them by the whites. The American Negro has certainly showed an extraordinary gift for homely and vividly expressive dialect words and phrases and his syncopations are a creation of his very own. It might be suggested, however, that he should not let the range of this art be confined to ideas that have become pretty threadbare in popular songs. One of the most unfortunate results of race persecution is that it creates a race-consciousness that is *per se* isolating and limiting. It is to be hoped that Mr. Brown may carry his virtuosity through this vicious circle and contribute to the universal and positive poetic expression of his people and of all peoples.

Lourdes in the High Pyrenees, by Cecilia Mary Young. Belleville, Illinois: Buechler Publishing Company. $1.50.

A SHARP sense of the dramatic, ability to sift controversy for the sediment of truth, a flair for the picturesque, and reliant attack of the subject—which is guidance through a religious center of miracle for proof that its commercialized angle is overemphasized and overadvertised, and to establish its reputation as a clinic for sick souls as well as for sick bodies, as the most famous depot of faith in the world—these are the powers of pen Miss Young brings to the making of her handbook. The slim volume is divided into three parts. Part One deals with the eighteen apparitions granted the peasant maid, Bernadette. Part Two is a colorful study of details of setting and symbolism around Lourdes. Part Three describes prayer as the great harbinger of miracle before the oval grotto. The author's style is focused and crisp, with just enough warmth of enthusiasm for her subject to separate the work from the coldly, impersonal group of average guide-books. The pilgrim to Lourdes will find it a truly sociable companion.

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